

NO 26 AUG.-SEPT.

COOKIE

10¢

The Funniest Kid in Town...

WILL YOU PLEASE LOOK AT
ME, COOKIE, AND TELL ME
WHY YOU DON'T LIKE MY
NEW SWIM SUIT!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PAY LESS—GET THE BEST! SENSATIONAL SAVINGS! YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN BUY THEM FOR LESS!

LATEST STYLE LUXURY
GENUINE FIBRE

SEAT COVERS

LUXURY SEAT COVERS
SAVE YOU MONEY

**Same Superb Quality As
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Buy from Luxury and SAVE TREMENDOUSLY on smartest, new style, color glamorous seat covers! Lacquer-coated to repel water, LUXURY Genuine Fibre Seat Covers are double-stitched, trimmed with rich leatherette for extra long, luxury wear! Expertly tailored, RICHER, STRONGER, Revolutionary—New ELASTICIZED SLIP-OVER SIDES assure FAULTLESS FIT . . . NO INSTALLATION COST! All in stunning Scotch Plaids of soft, harmonious multi-color weaves! Make old cars look like new . . . new cars even more elegant!

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And Many Others
SENT ON APPROVAL

Only **4.98**
For Coupe or
Front Seat!

Only **9.95**
Complete Set of
Covers for Sedan
or Coach!



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AND SAVE! ACT NOW**
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Back **TEST AT OUR
RISK.**

**MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
with 5-Day FREE Trial**



**3. Richly
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Trim!**

**The Exact
Same Material used
in the Most Expen-
sive Seat Covers!**

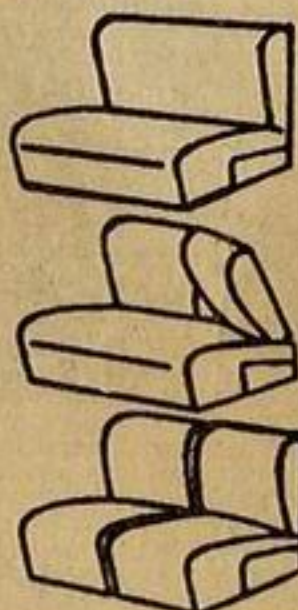
**EASILY INSTALLED—
TAKES A FEW MINUTES!**

(on all make cars)
Specify style for YOUR car.

TYPE A—Solid back
for 4-door sedan . . .
front or rear. Rear for
coach or coupe.

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solid seat for front
coupe or coach.

TYPE C—Individual
seats or bucket type for
divided back and seat.



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LUXURY SEAT COVER CO., Dept. 57
1025 Broad St., Newark 2, N. J.

Gentlemen: Kindly rush LUXURY Seat Covers on special
5-day Money-Back Inspection Offer.

Color _____ 2nd Color _____

☐ Full set front & back covers \$9.95. My car is a 19.....
Make.....

☐ Front seat cover only, \$4.98. ☐ 2-door ☐ 4-door

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☐ I enclose \$1.00—on delivery I'll pay postman balance plus few
cents postage and C.O.D. charges.

☐ \$.....purchase price enclosed. You pay postage.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

COOKIE

HEY, YOU KIDS!
CUT THAT OUT!

OH-
OH!

IT'S
HIM!

COOKIE'S OLD MAN
IS A BIG
DOPE

WET
PAINT

I **KNEW** SOMETHING AWFUL WOULD
HAPPEN IF I ASKED COOKIE TO PAINT
THE HOUSE... I SHOULD'VE DONE IT
MYSELF! ... **BEAT IT!**

WOW! CAN I
GIVE ANGELPUSS
A BIG TIME TONIGHT
WITH **THIS** ROLL!

THAT'S FOR THE GOOD
PAINT JOB, COOKIE!...
BUT BEFORE YOU LEAVE
ON YOUR DATE, PLEASE
GET THAT LADDER
AWAY FROM THE
FRONT DOOR!

♪ RIGHTO, MOM!...LA-DEE... I GOT A DATE WITH AN ANGEL...♪

BIG
DOPE

I GOTTA PAINT THIS OVER BEFORE THE NEIGHBORS SEE IT...AND GET **IDEAS!**

WOT
THE...!

I MOVED IT, MOM!
AN' I NOW LEAVE YOU TO
MAKE A BIG SPLASH WITH
THE GIRL OF MY...

BAM!

SPLASH!

WHOOSH!

HAW-HAW!
YOU CAN PAINT
THAT AGAIN!

BUT ANGEL, HONEY, I **AM** TELLING
YOU THE TRUTH! THE REASON I
CAN'T SEE YOU IS BECAUSE MY
POP GOT MAD AN' **PAINTED**
ME **BLUE!**

OF ALL THE **WEAK**
EXCUSES! VERY WELL,
COOKIE O'TOOLE, IF YOU
DON'T WANT TO SEE ME,
I DON'T WANT TO ...
BLAH BLAH BLAH...

POP!

NEXT DAY...

BUT ANGEL, PLEASE!
YA GOTTA LISTEN! I
WANTED TO SEE YOU BAD,
BUT I HAD AN
ACCIDENT!



WON'T YA PLEASE LISTEN?
I WAS JUST LEAVIN' THE HOUSE
WHEN MOM TELLS ME TO
MOVE THE LADDER, AN' ...

HMMMMF!



LOOK, IT WAS AS
SIMPLE AS THIS!
...I ONLY MOVE THE
LADDER LIKE THIS...



WOT
THE...!



WHOOSH!

PARDON
ME!

SPLOOOSH!



PLOP!

HI, COOKIE!...
HOLY SOX! WHERE'S
ANGEL GOIN' WITH
THAT TRICK MAKE-
UP?



LATER, IN SCHOOL...

YES, STUDENTS OF HARELIP HIGH SCHOOL---WE SHOULD CONSIDER IT AN **HONOR** TO HAVE THIS GREAT NATURALIST AND BIG-GAME HUNTER VISIT US AND TELL US SOMETHING OF THE STRANGE LANDS HE'S EXPLORED!--- YOU MAY BEGIN, PROFESSOR!

ZANK YOU!

DON'T ZANK ME!

SH-HHH!

FIRST I WEEEL DISCUSS ZE **BEE-OO-TIFUL** LAND OF **ZAMBOOGY**!---AH, ME---EEF EET WAS NOT FOR ZE POLICE, I WOULD BE ZERE YET---ER---I MEAN, EEF EET WAS NOT FOR---FOR---WELL, FORTUNATELY, I AM **HERE**!---AHEM---

PSST! ANGEL JUST CAME IN BEHIND YA!

ER---EEN THEES CONTREE OF ZAMBOOGY, ALL ZE GIRLS, SHE IS---HOW YOU SAY---**KNOCKEMOUTS! WOO-WOO!**

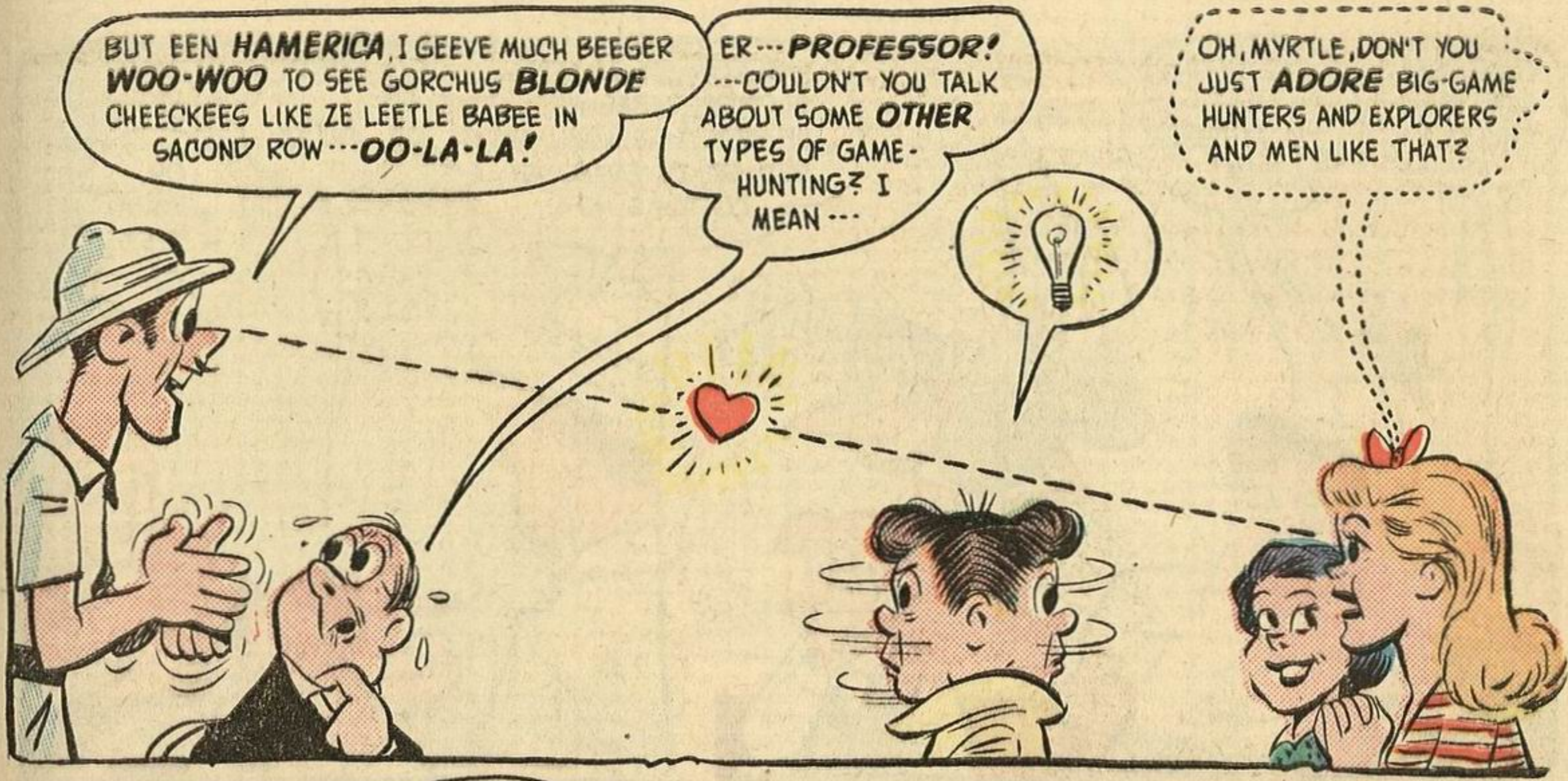
AGAIN I REPEATS
---**WOO-WOO!**

HEY, SHE
SMILED
AT ME!
SHE---

AT **WHO?**
---**LOOK**
AGAIN!

BUT---NOT SO MUCH **WOO-WOO**
AS EEN **ZEEES** CONTREE---**NO**
SIRREE! EEN ZAMBOOGY, ALL ZE
GIRLS, SHE ARE **BRUNATS**---

!



BUT EEN **HAMERICA**, I GEEVE MUCH BEEGER **WOO-WOO** TO SEE GORCHUS **BLONDE** CHEECKEES LIKE ZE LEETLE BABEE IN SACOND ROW---**OO-LA-LA!**

ER---**PROFESSOR!**
---COULDN'T YOU TALK ABOUT SOME **OTHER** TYPES OF GAME-HUNTING? I MEAN ---

OH, MYRTLE, DON'T YOU JUST **ADORE** BIG-GAME HUNTERS AND EXPLORERS AND MEN LIKE THAT?

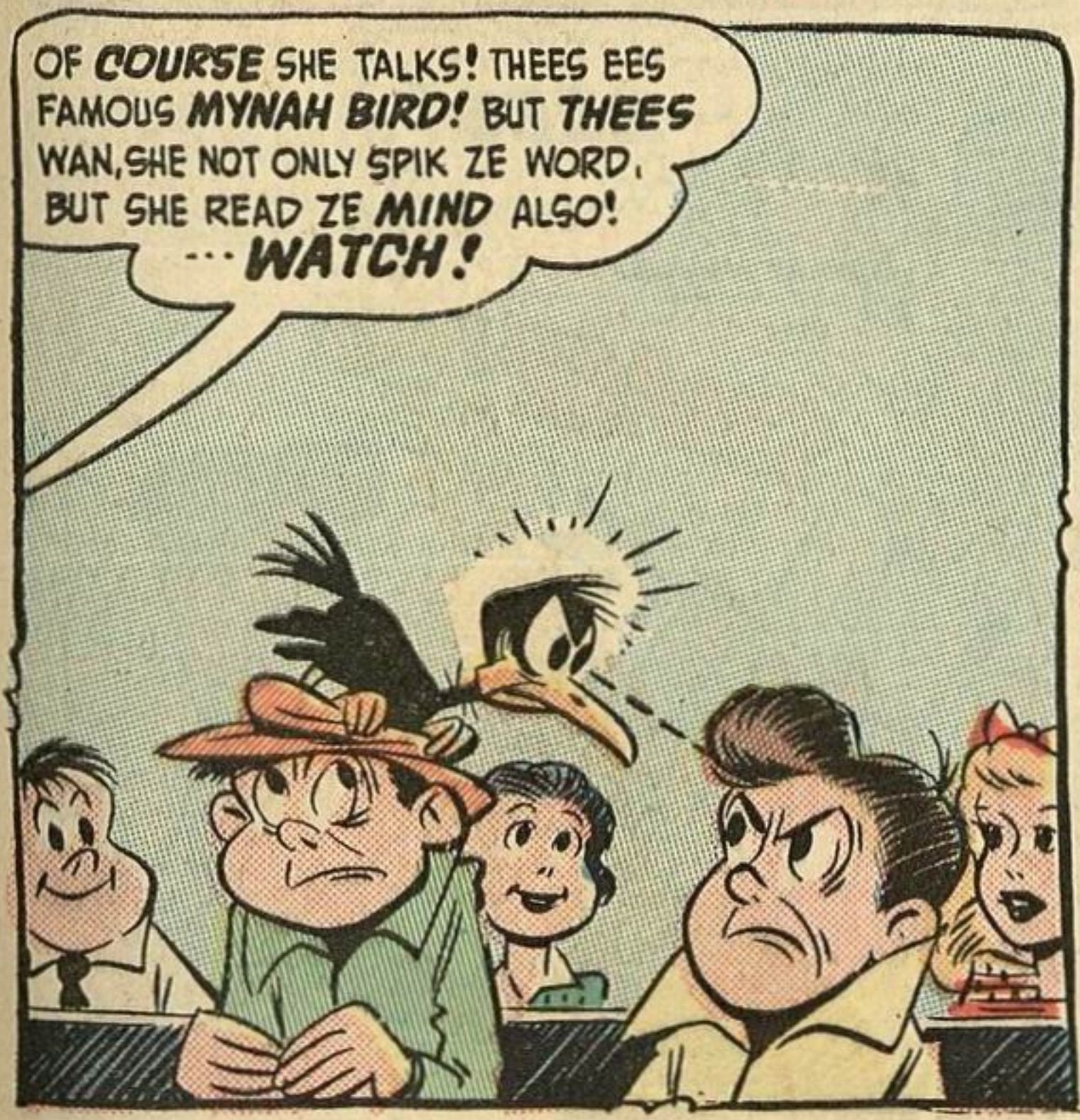


WHY, YOU BIG-GAME GOON, I'LL---

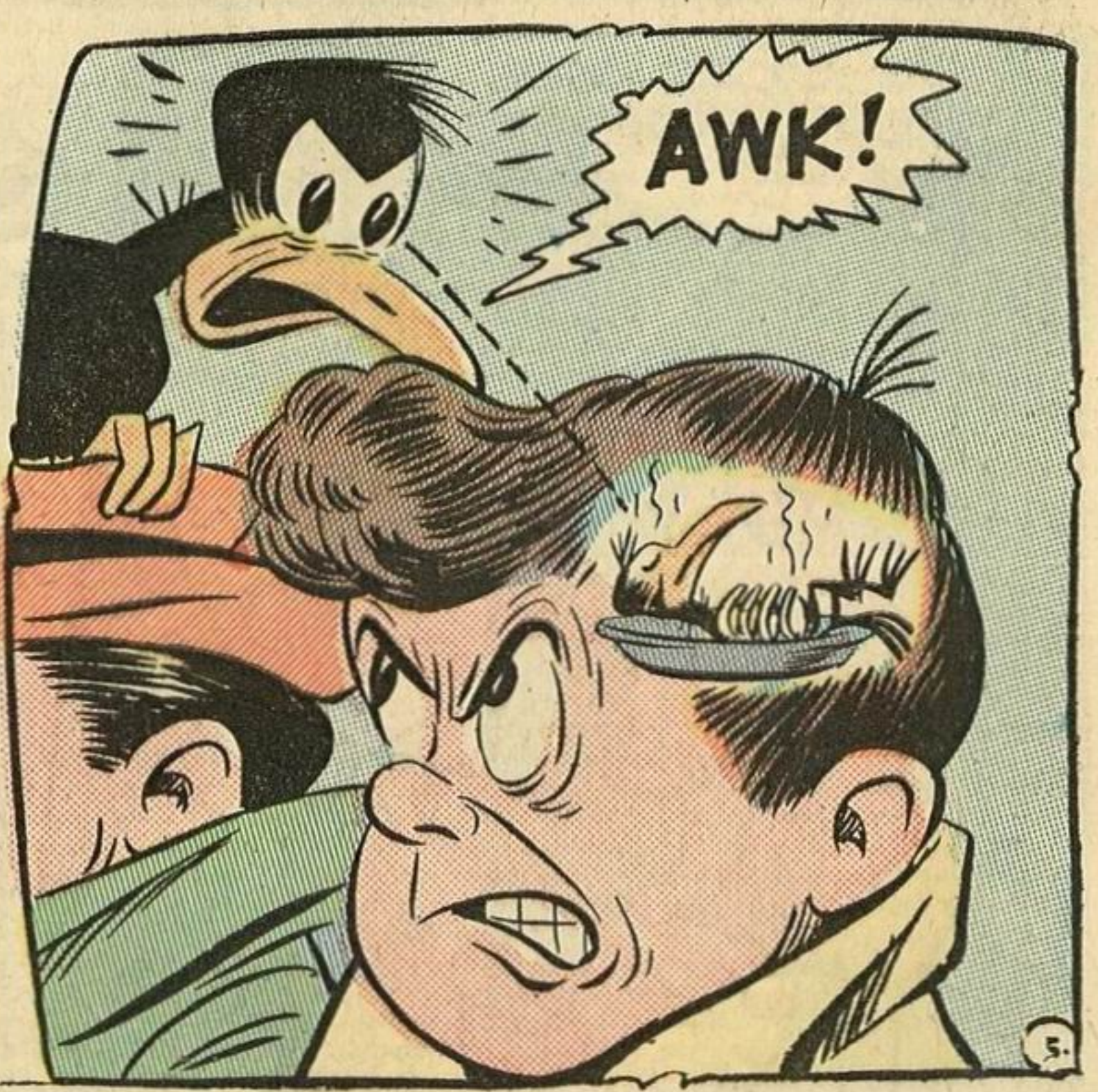


QUIET, PEEG!

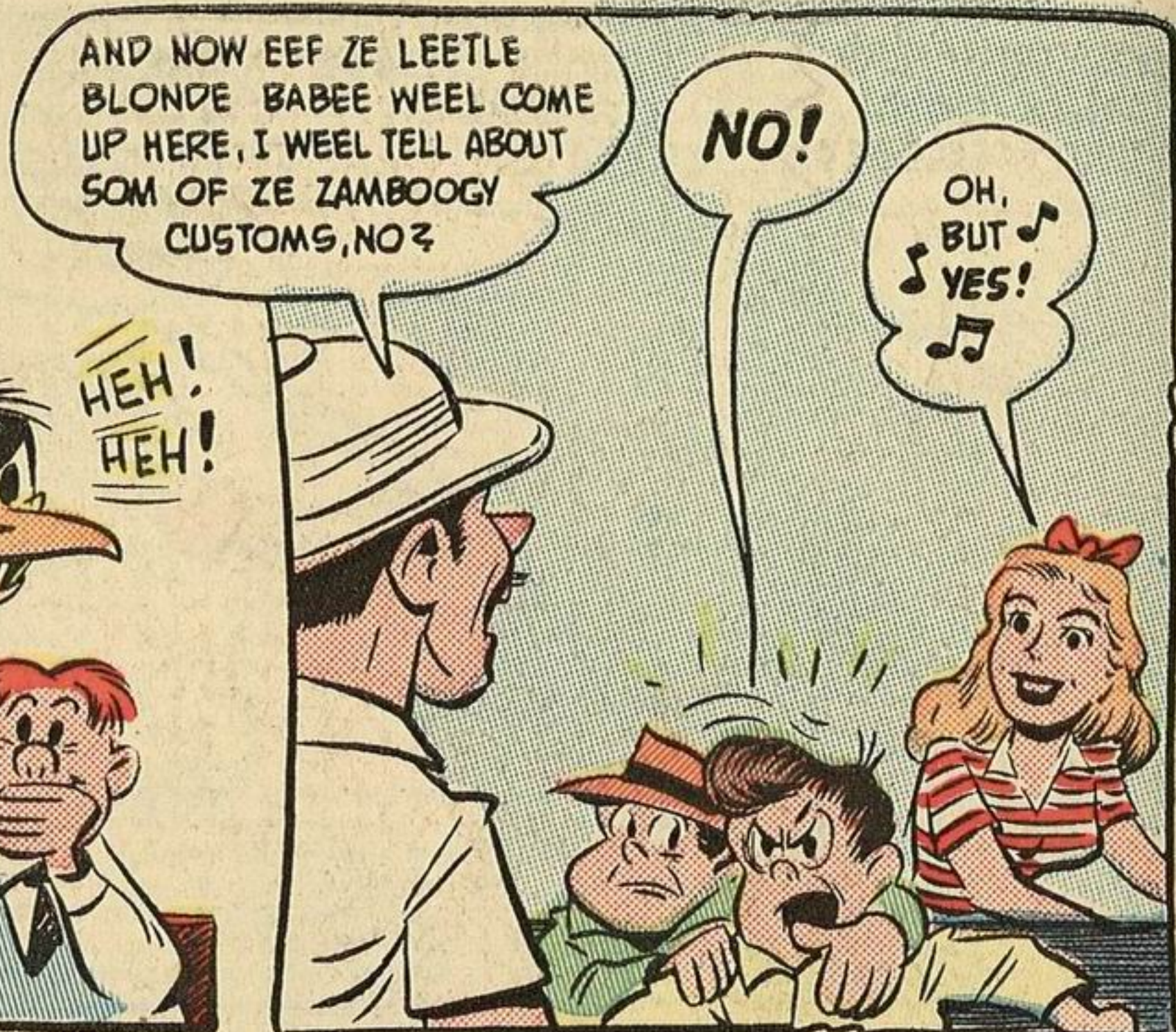
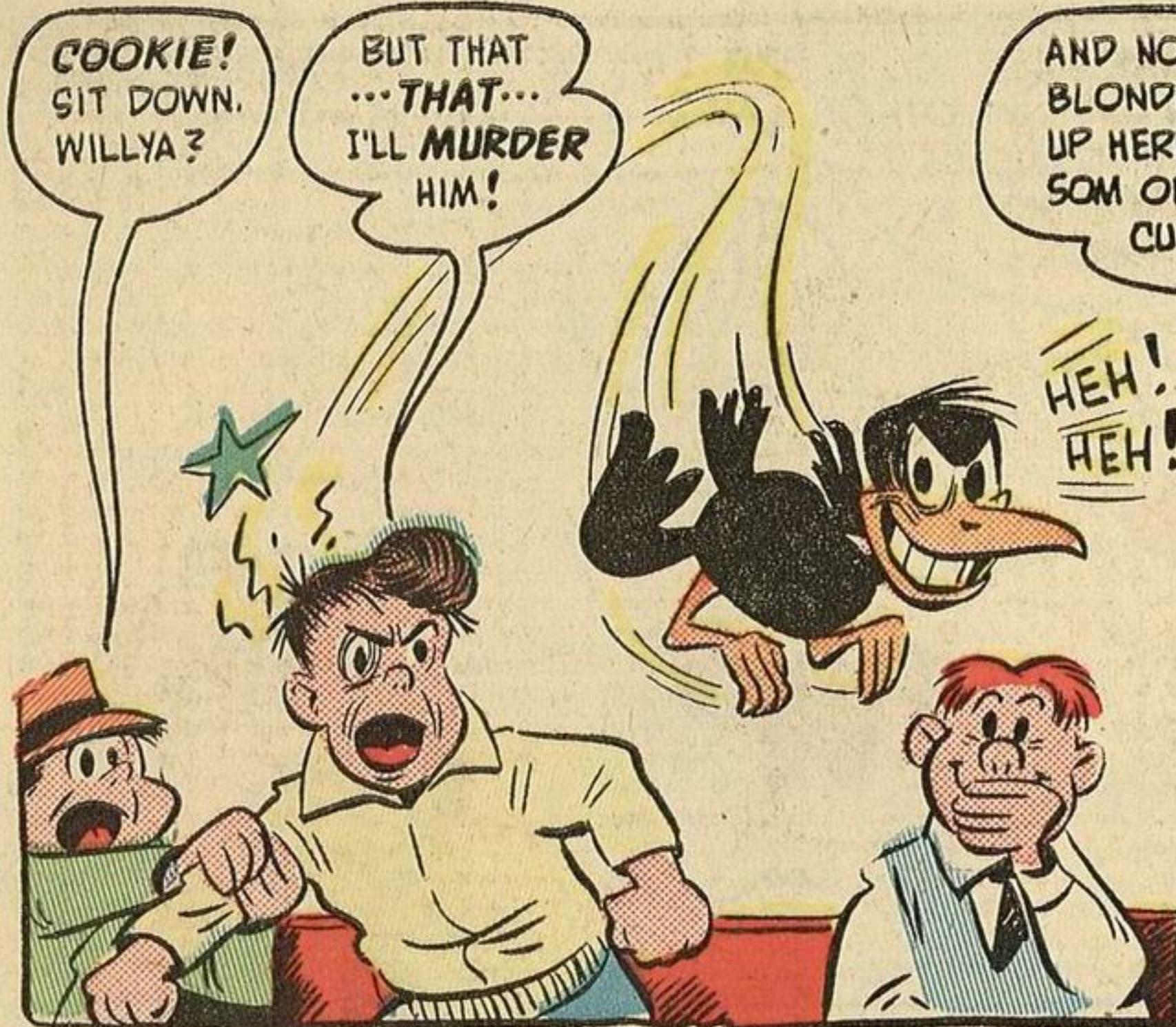
HEY, THE BIRD TALKS!

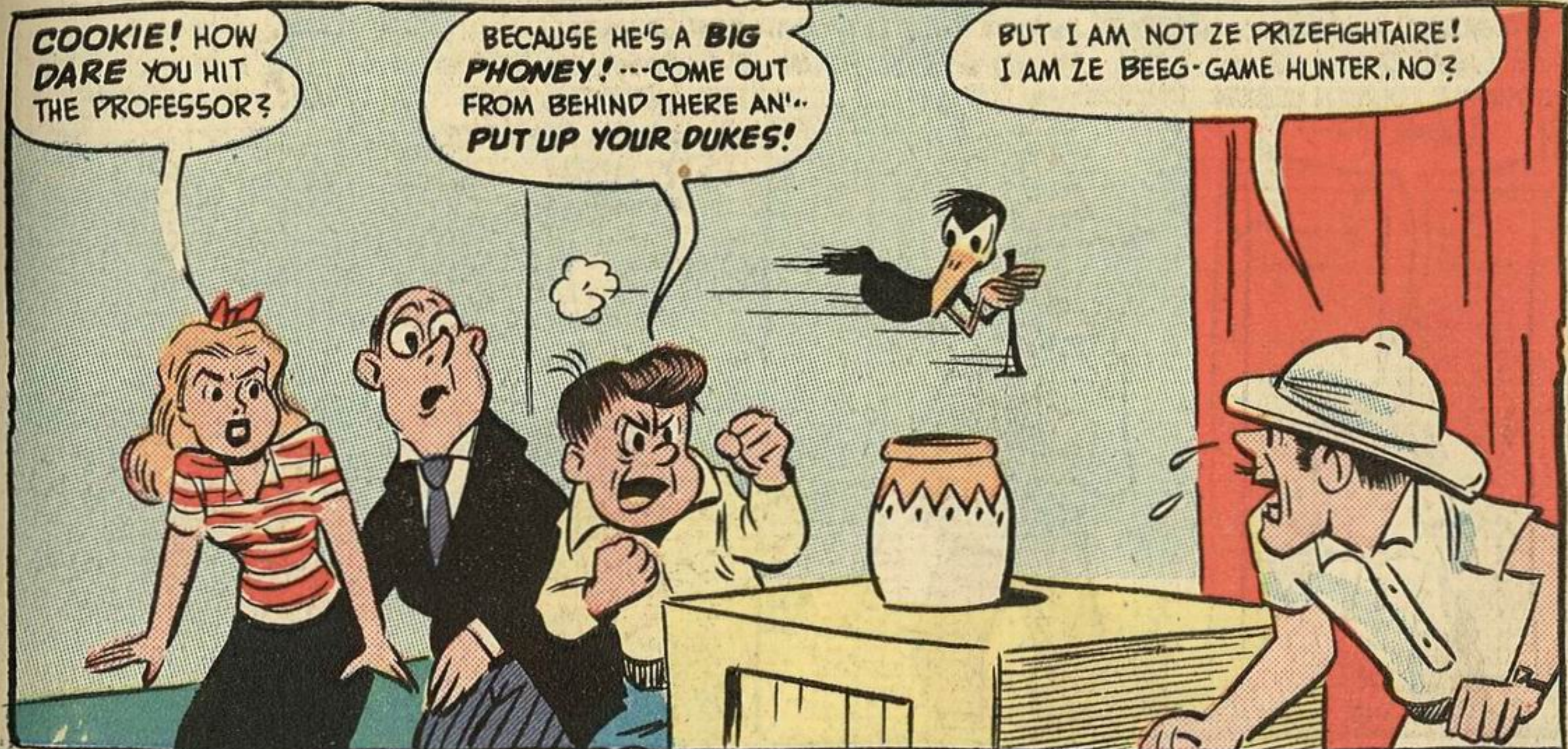


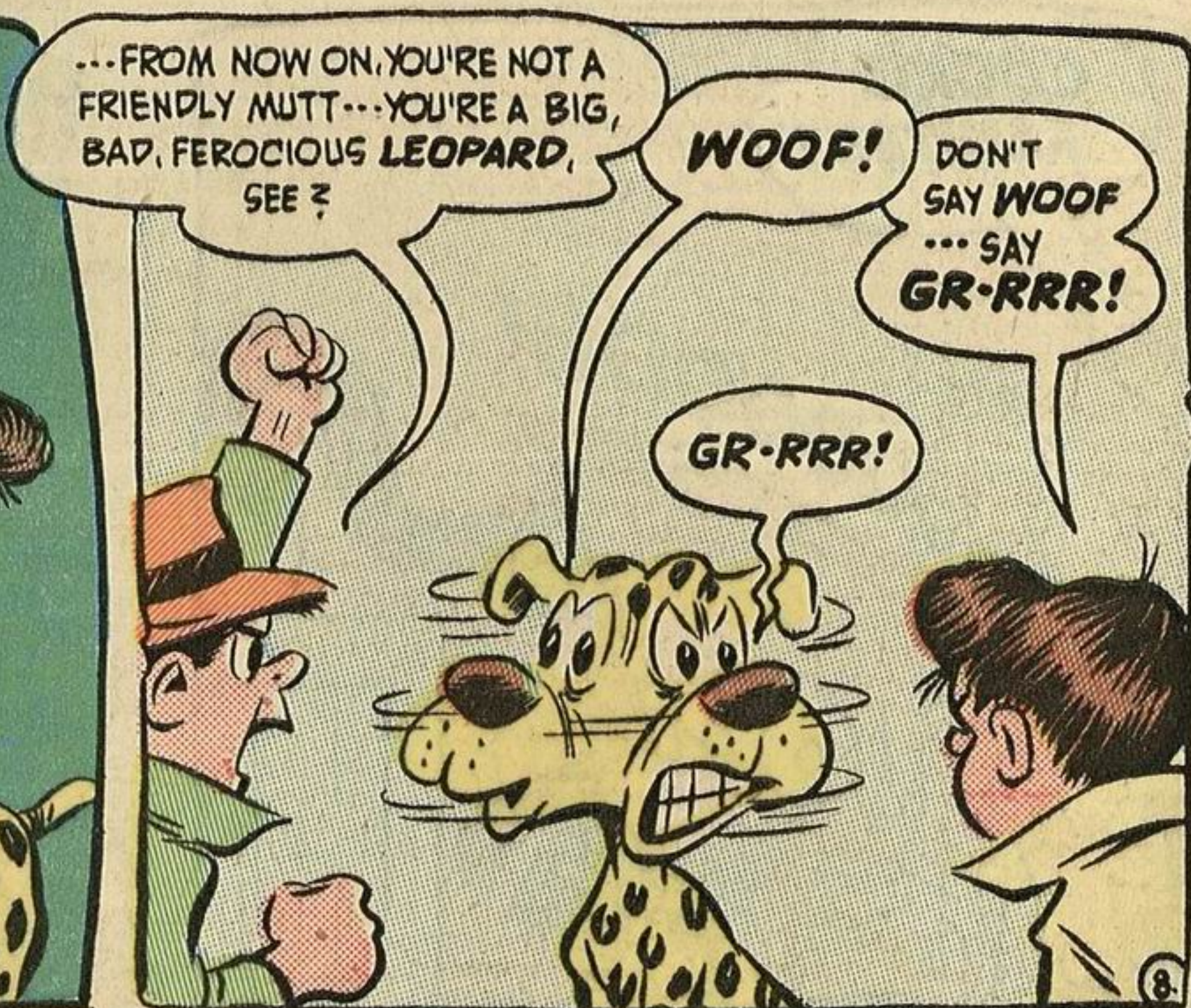
OF **COURSE** SHE TALKS! THEES EES FAMOUS **MYNAH BIRD!** BUT **THEES** WAN, SHE NOT ONLY SPIK ZE WORD, BUT SHE READ ZE **MIND** ALSO! ---**WATCH!**

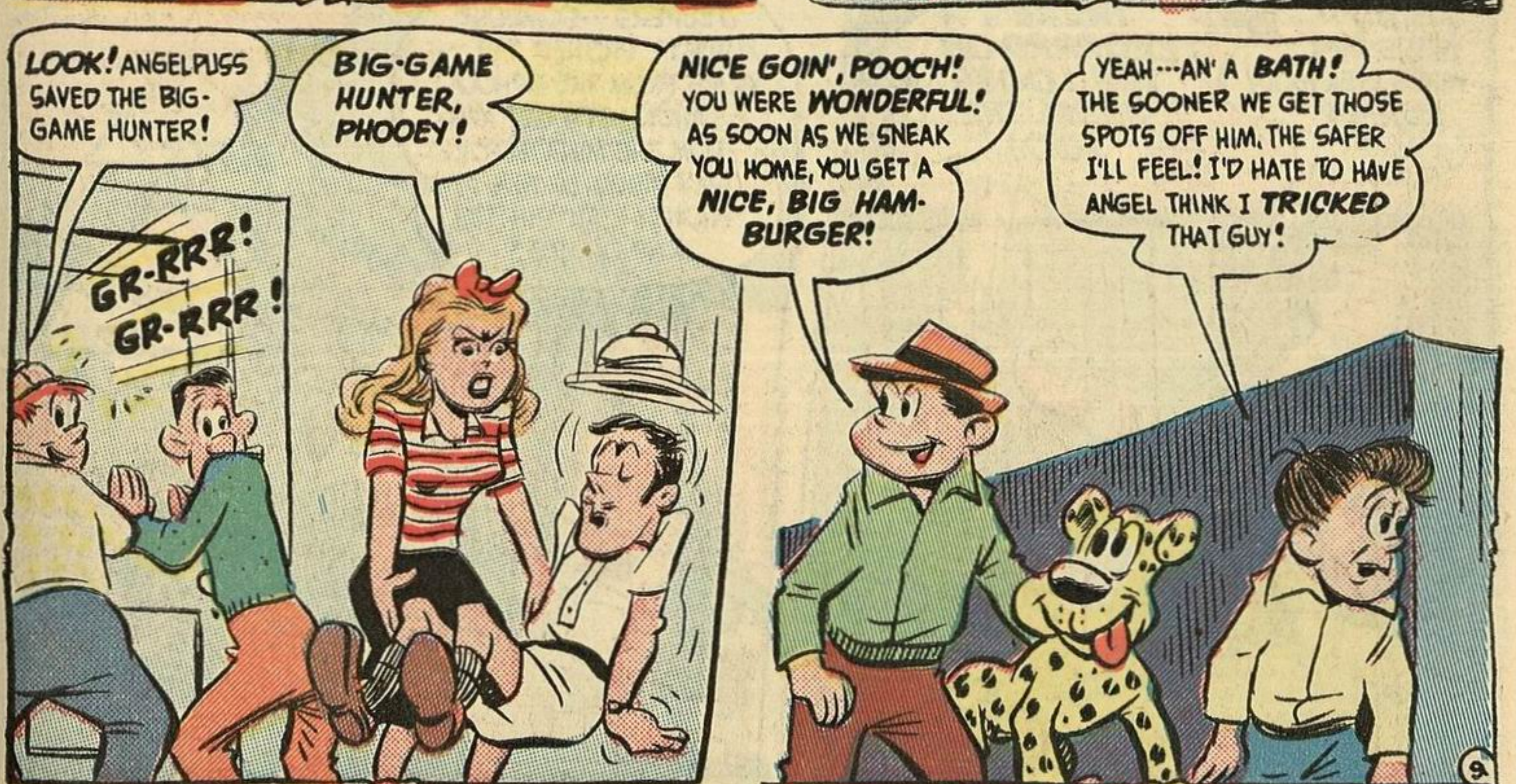


AWK!









AH! BUT FATE HAS A WAY OF PLAYING FUNNY TRICKS ON THE HUMAN RACE... **READ ON!**



BUT I'M TELLIN' YA, CHIEF
...I'M SEEIN' IT WIT' ME
VERY OWN EYES! A
LEOPARD HAS JUST
ESCAPED FROM THE
ZOO!



CALLING ALL CARS!
CALLING ALL CARS!
A LIVE LEOPARD IS ON
THE LOOSE...



...AND EVERYBODY
IS WARNED TO GET
OFF THE STREETS
AND INTO THEIR
HOMES...

STATION
WOOP



...THIS BEAST IS **DANGEROUS!**
I REPEAT... **GET OFF THE**
STREETS!



HEY, KID...
WOT'S UP?
WOT'S EVERYBODY
RUNNIN'
FOR?

THERE'S A
LEOPARD ON
THE LOOSE
FROM THE
ZOO!



JEEPERS...SOMEONE
MUSTA PHONED THE
OOPS FROM THE SCHOOL!
...QUICK, LET'S GET AWAY
FROM THE MUTT BEFORE
THEY DISCOVER HE'S A
PHONEY...AN' PIN THE
RAP ON **US!**



AWK!

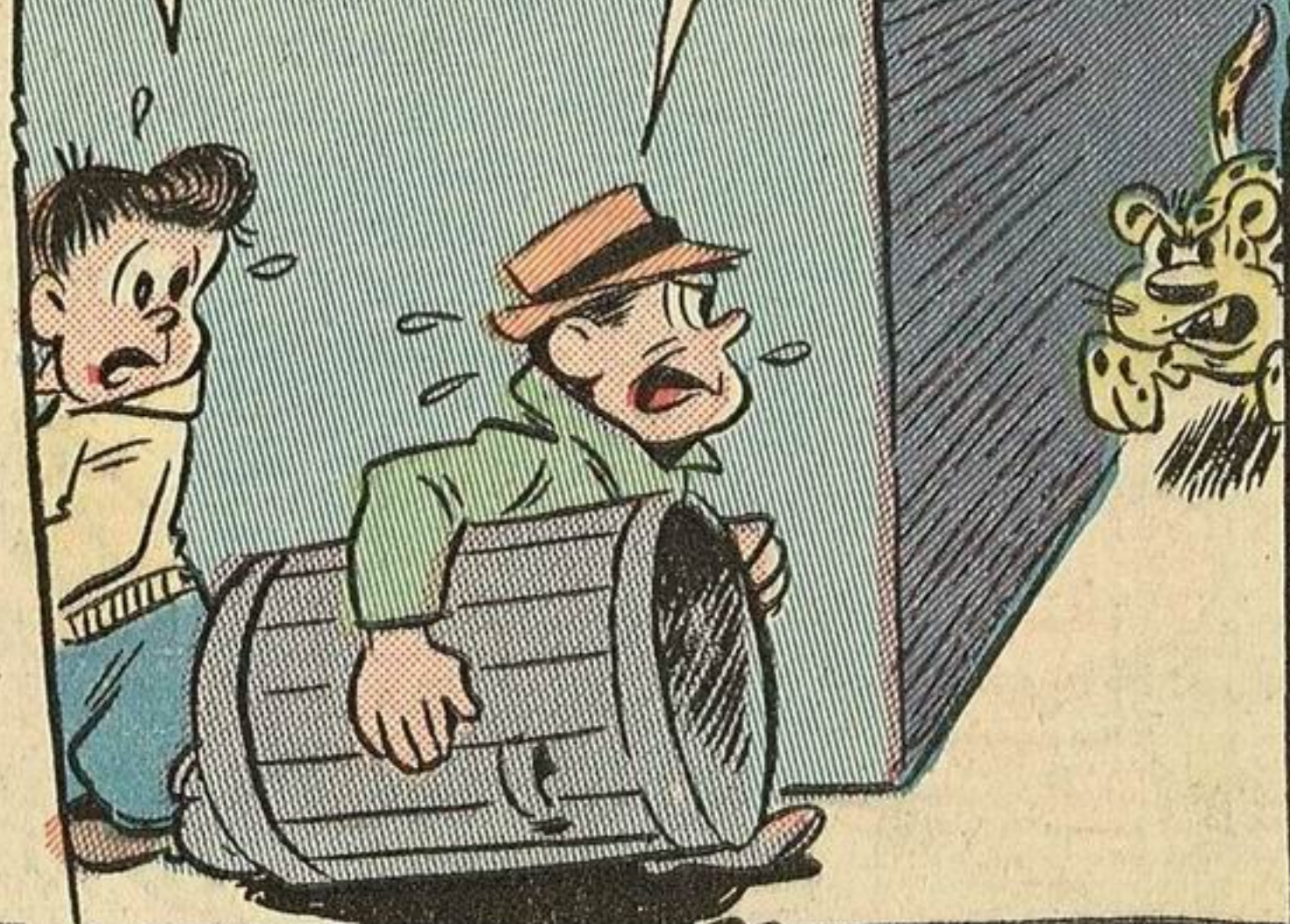
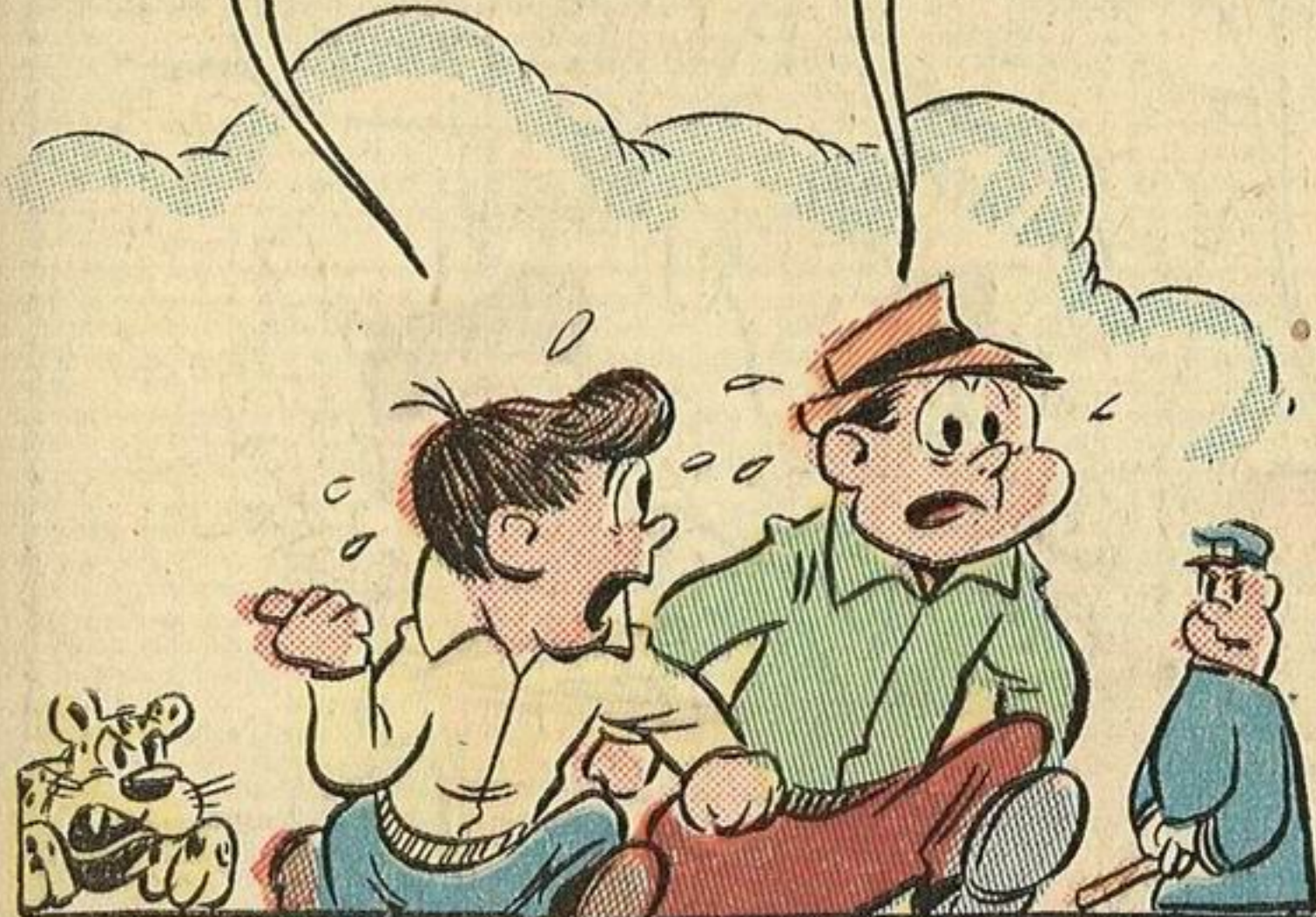
GR-RRR!

HEY! THE MUTT'S FOLLOWIN' US!

AN' THAT COP! ---QUICK! AROUND THE CORNER!

WHAT ARE YA DOIN' WITH THE **ASH CAN?**

THAT MUTT'S GONNA RUN **RIGHT INTO IT**...AN' WE'RE GONNA KEEP HIM OUTA SIGHT TILL THE COP'S GONE!



HEY! DON'T YOUSE KIDS KNOW YOU SHOULD BE OFF THE STREETS ... THAT THERE'S A **REAL LEOPARD** LOOSE?

A **REAL LEOPARD?**

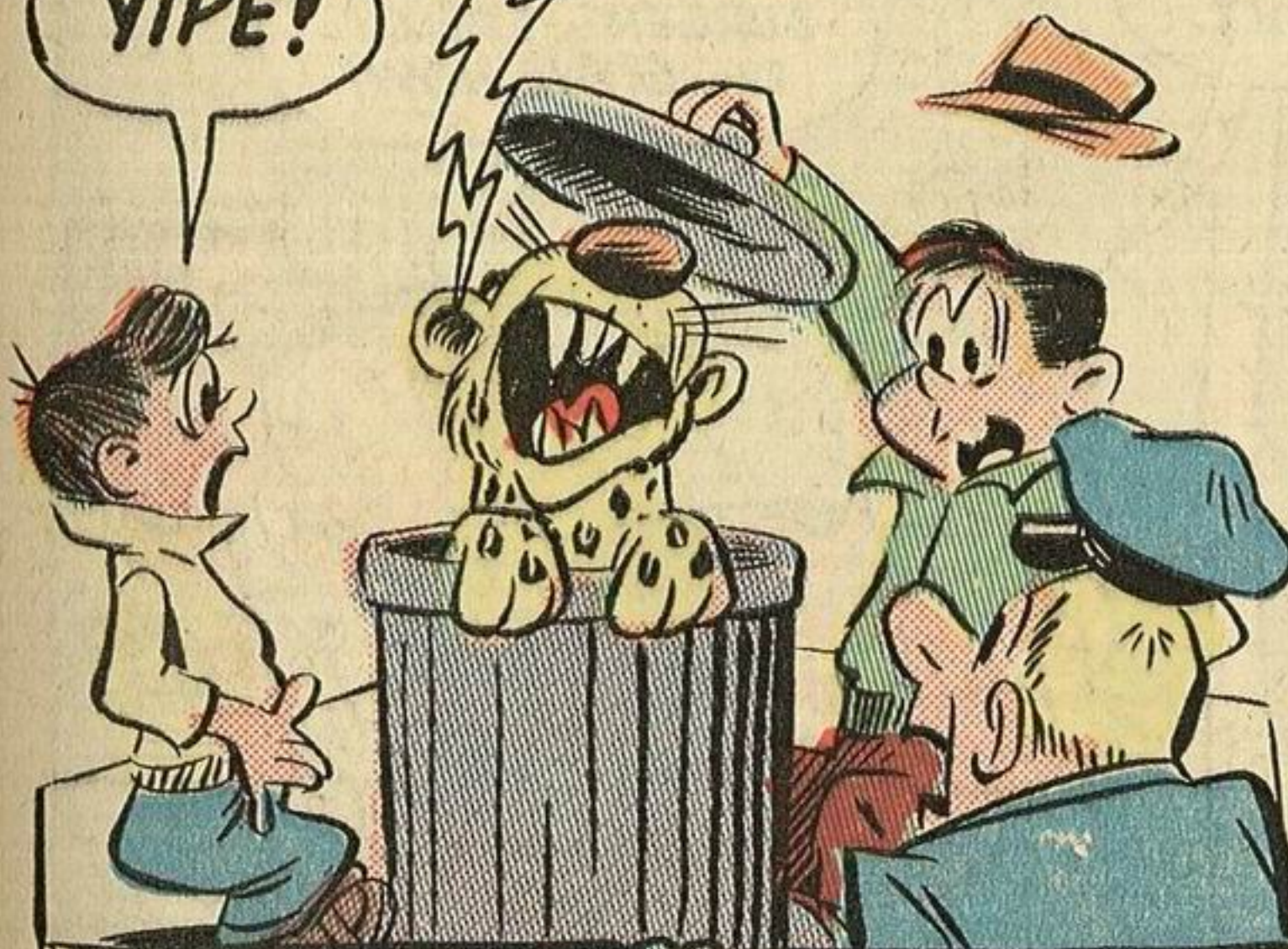
SHURE ---IT ESCAPED FROM THE ZOO THIS MORNIN' AN' THEY'RE OFFERIN' A BIG REWARD FOR ITS CAPTURE!

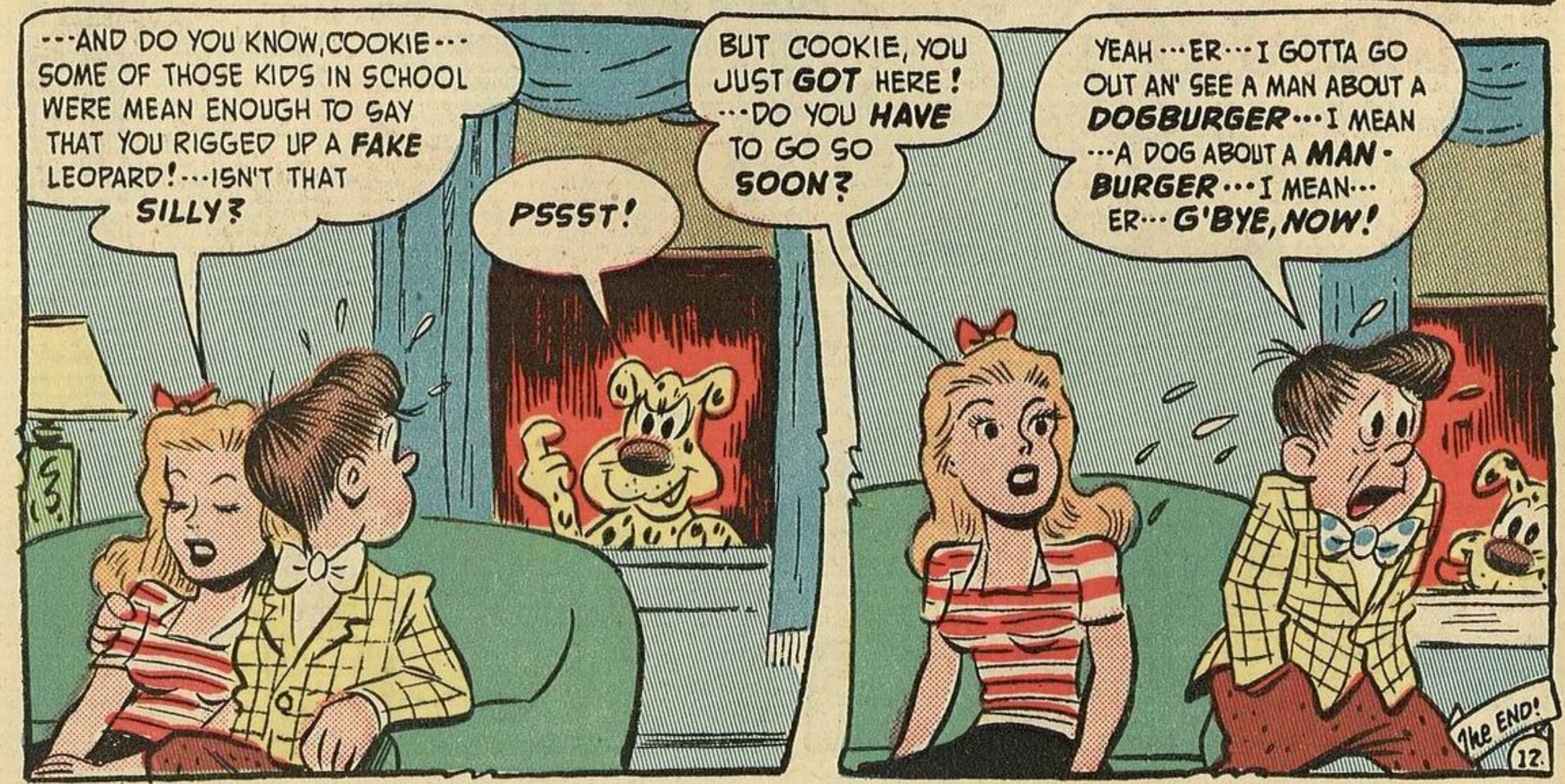
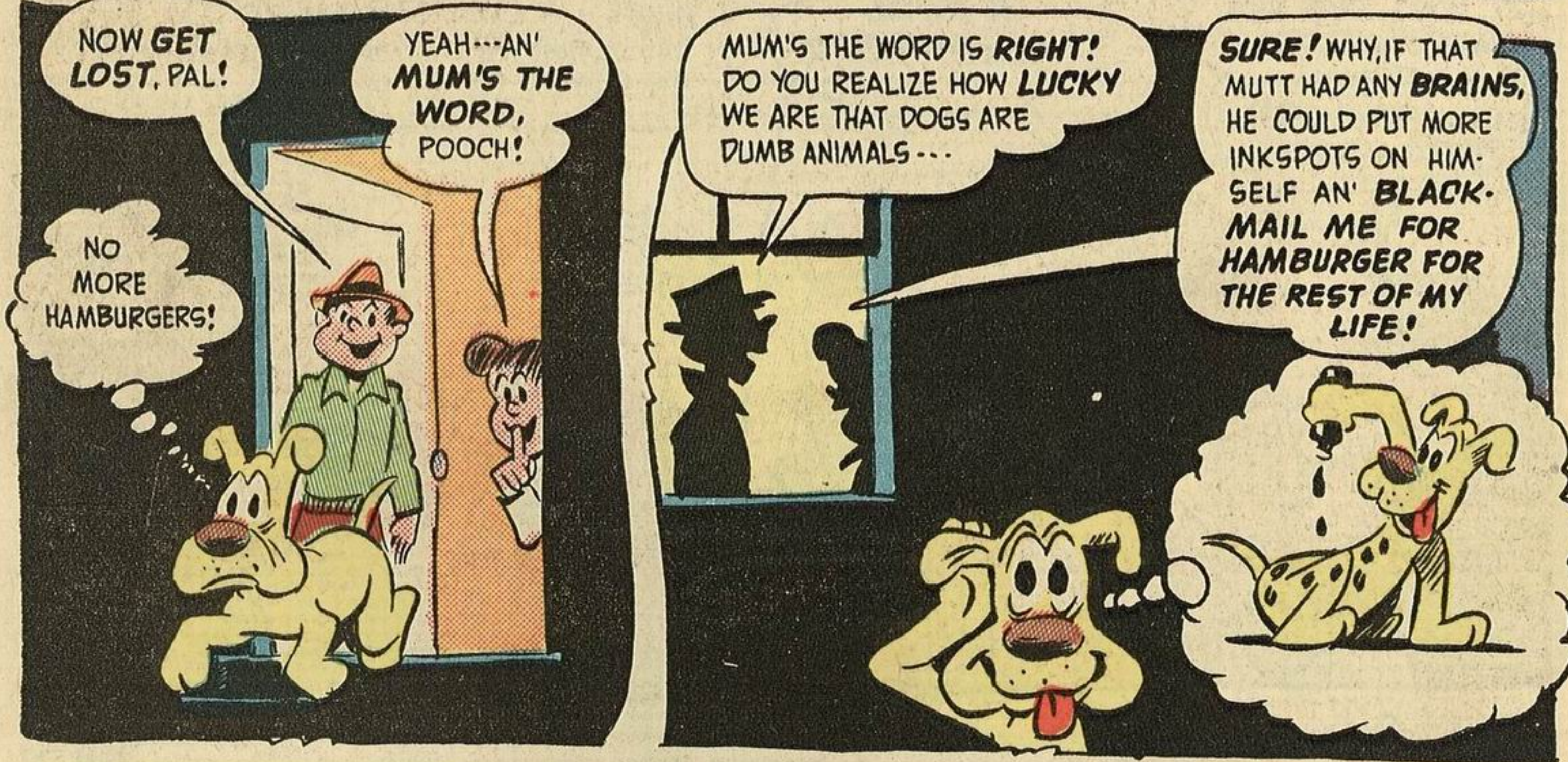
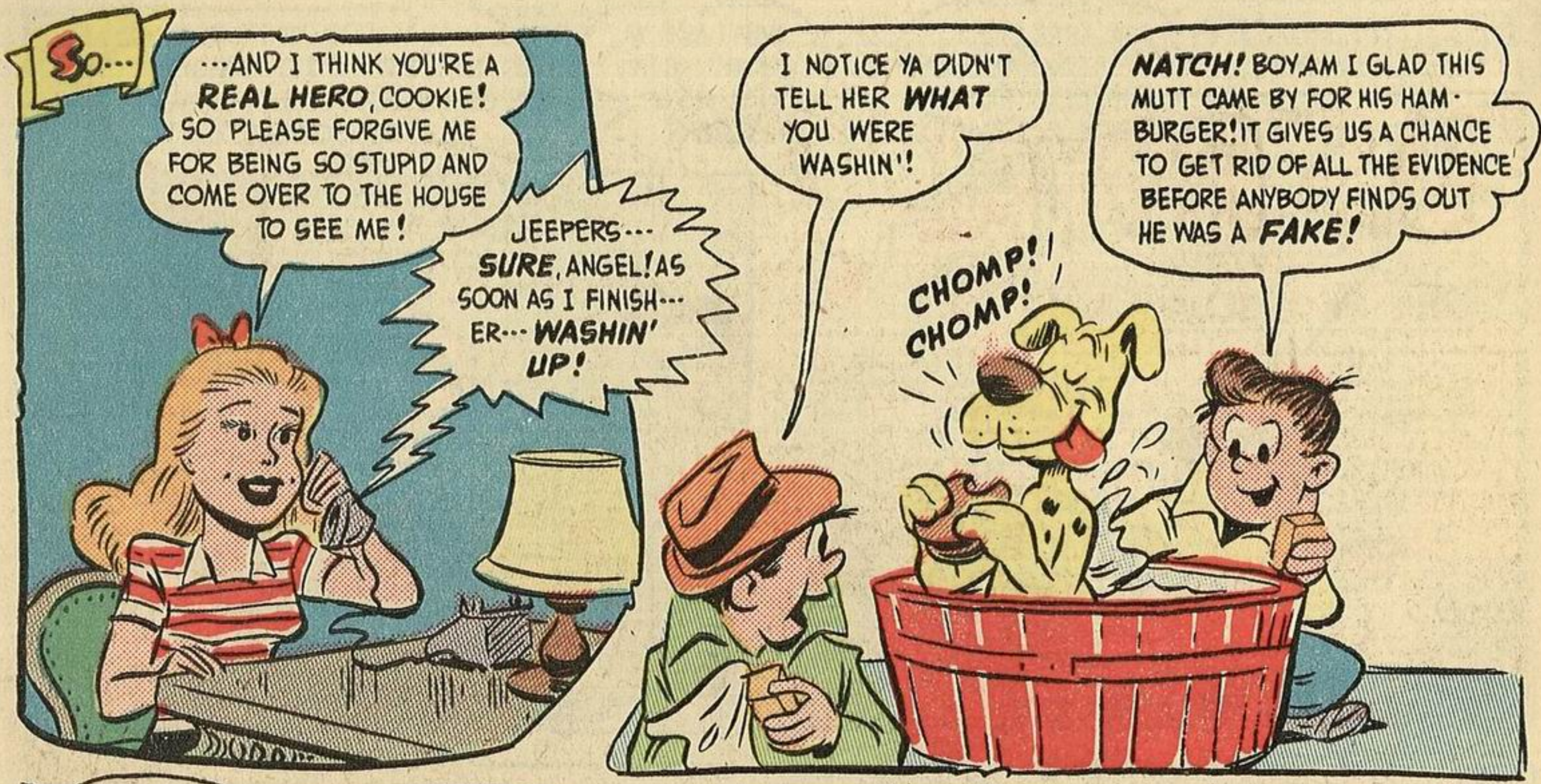


ROAR!

YIPE!

THAT'S WOT I SAID! A COUPLA KIDS CAPTURED HIM! HE'S RIGHT HERE IN AN ASH CAN! SEND THE WAGON --- **QUICK!**





"U.S." ROYAL

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



BEATING THE
BROKEN
BUCKBOARD!



LOOK, ROYAL--
THE AVALANCHE
SPLIT THAT
BUCKBOARD
IN HALF!

-- AND HURT
THE DRIVER!



YOU BOYS CATCH UP WITH
THAT REAR SECTION, WHILE
I GO AFTER THE
FRONT HALF!

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF
AFTER THE FRIGHTENED
HORSES--



AND SOON--



WHOA THERE,
FELLAS--WHOA!

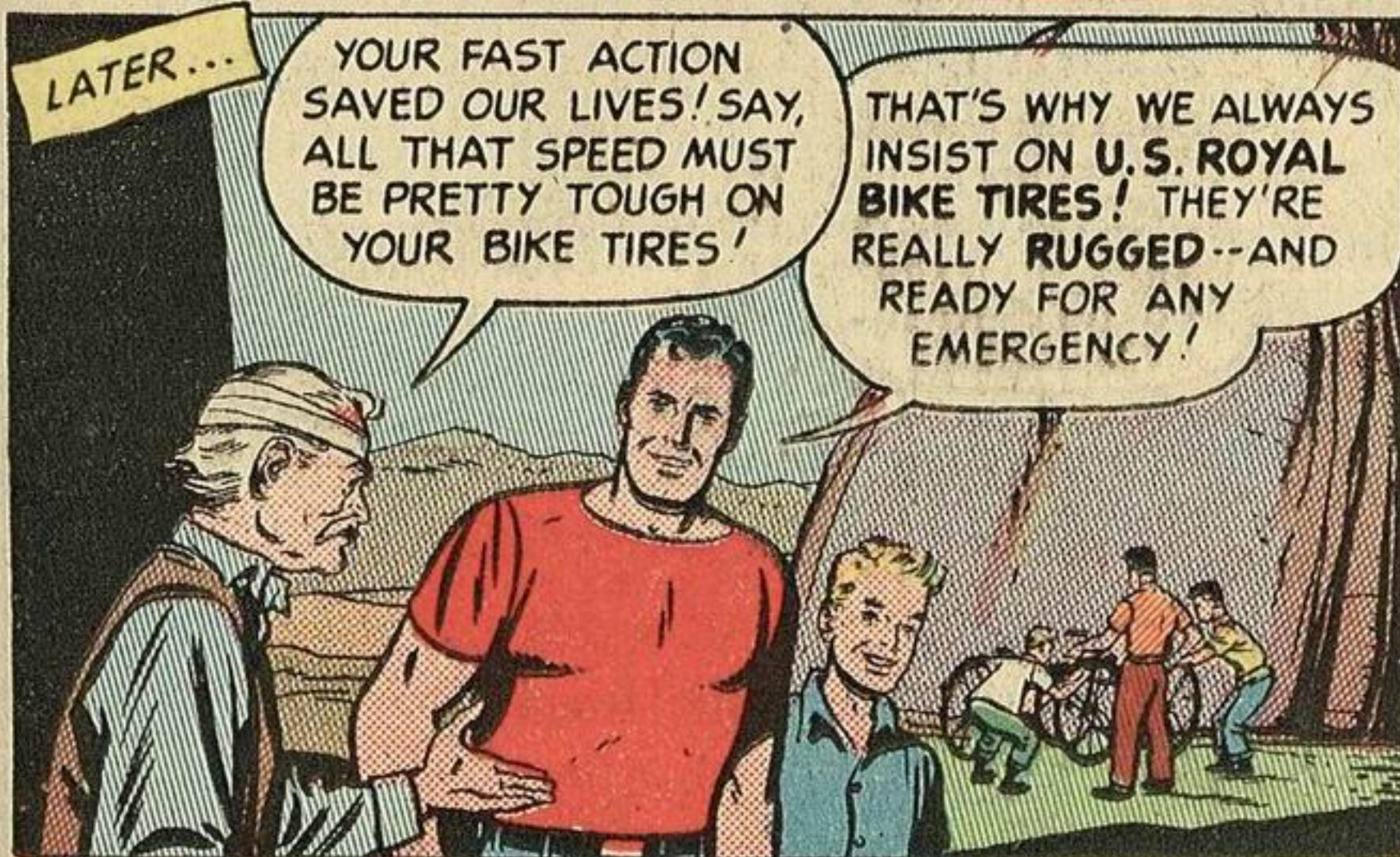
MEANWHILE, AFTER A DANGEROUS
DOWNHILL RACE, THE BIKE CLUB BOYS
BRING THEIR HALF OF THE ADVENTURE
TO A STOP!



LATER...

YOUR FAST ACTION
SAVED OUR LIVES! SAY,
ALL THAT SPEED MUST
BE PRETTY TOUGH ON
YOUR BIKE TIRES!

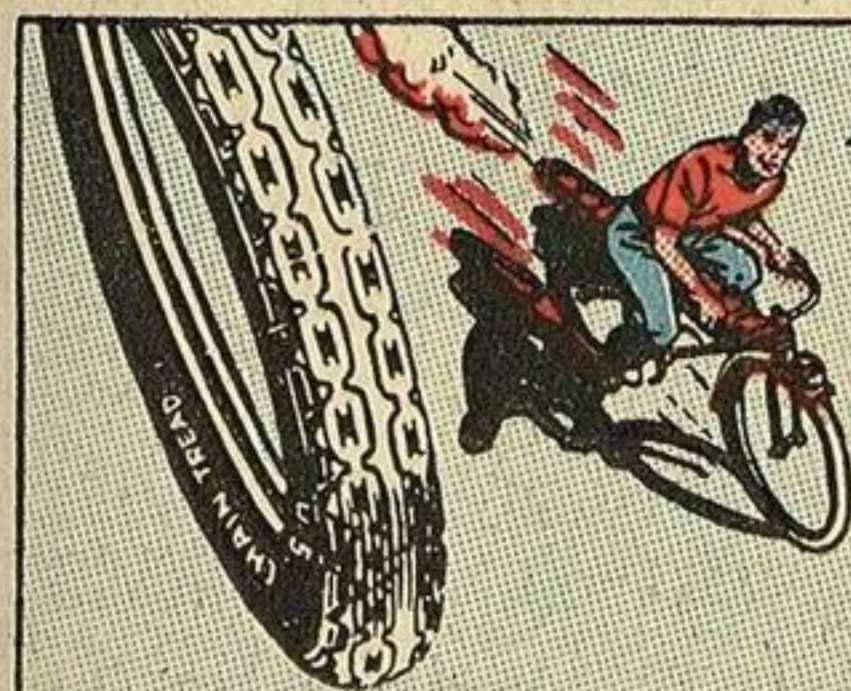
THAT'S WHY WE ALWAYS
INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES! THEY'RE
REALLY RUGGED--AND
READY FOR ANY
EMERGENCY!



FELLAS, WHEN YOU GO FOR ALL-
OUT SPEED, YOU WANT TO BE
SURE EVERYTHING'S UNDER
CONTROL. FOR REAL CONTROL
AT TOP SPEED, INSIST ON U.S.
ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THEIR SPECIAL BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN!



"THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
REALLY HOLDS THE ROAD"
... SAYS U.S. ROYAL.



U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH
THE SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN
GIVE YOU TOP PERFORMANCE
AND PERFECT CONTROL... AND
MORE MILEAGE, TOO! WHY NOT
TRY U.S. ROYALS ON YOUR BIKE?

U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

Jitterbuck's **CLEAN SLATE**

JITTERBUCK JONES was heartily ashamed of himself! He had spent an entire morning taking stock of himself and had come to the conclusion that he was a *disgrace* . . . financially, at least!

"What I need is to start all over again, with a *clean slate*!" he gritted. "I'm a failure, that's what! I owe Cookie one buck, I owe my pop three bucks, I even owe that rat Zoot eighty-five cents! What I oughta do is get some kind of a job an' when I get paid, I can clean up all my debts. Gives a guy a fresh start in life!"

Full of zest and determination, Jit set out that very afternoon to get a job. And, being in luck, he found a fine job at the Vandersnoot estate, on the big hill. The Vandersnoots were very rich people indeed and their house had many windows and their lawns were wide and spacious. Jit was hired to clean those windows and mow those lawns.

"What a break," he thought, as the butler led him to the shed where the power-driven lawn-mower was kept. "I just drive this thing across the lawns, clean up the windows an' make a fast ten-spot!"

The butler, who was quite dignified, asked Jit, "Do you know how to operate this lawn-mower, young man?"

"Sure," Jit replied. "Nothing to it! Stick around and watch me clean up!"

Now the truth was that Jit had never worked one of those fancy lawn-mowers, but he saw no reason to admit it.

All he had to do was get the motor started and take off. Simple!

Jit started to feel around for the doo-hickey that started the mower. His groping hand struck something and then, with a mighty roar, the lawn-mower leaped ahead, doing an excellent imitation of a twin-engined bomber.

"Hey!" yelled Jit, trying to control the powerful machine. But the mower would *not* be controlled! It pulled Jit along in its wake as it cut madly across lawns, zig-zagged around the lily pool and raced through two beds of prize roses, snipping neatly as it went.

"Hey!" yelled Jit again, as the mower took a new direction. "We're going to *crash*!"

He couldn't have spoken a truer word. The powerful machine scorched towards the Vandersnoot mansion like a thing possessed. All of Jit's efforts to guide it were in vain. *Crash! Tinkle! Clank!*

"Noooooo!" Jit wailed, as he surveyed the damage. One French door, smashed to smithereens, two flower beds ruined and a lot of crazy marking all over the lawns. "This is *the end*!"

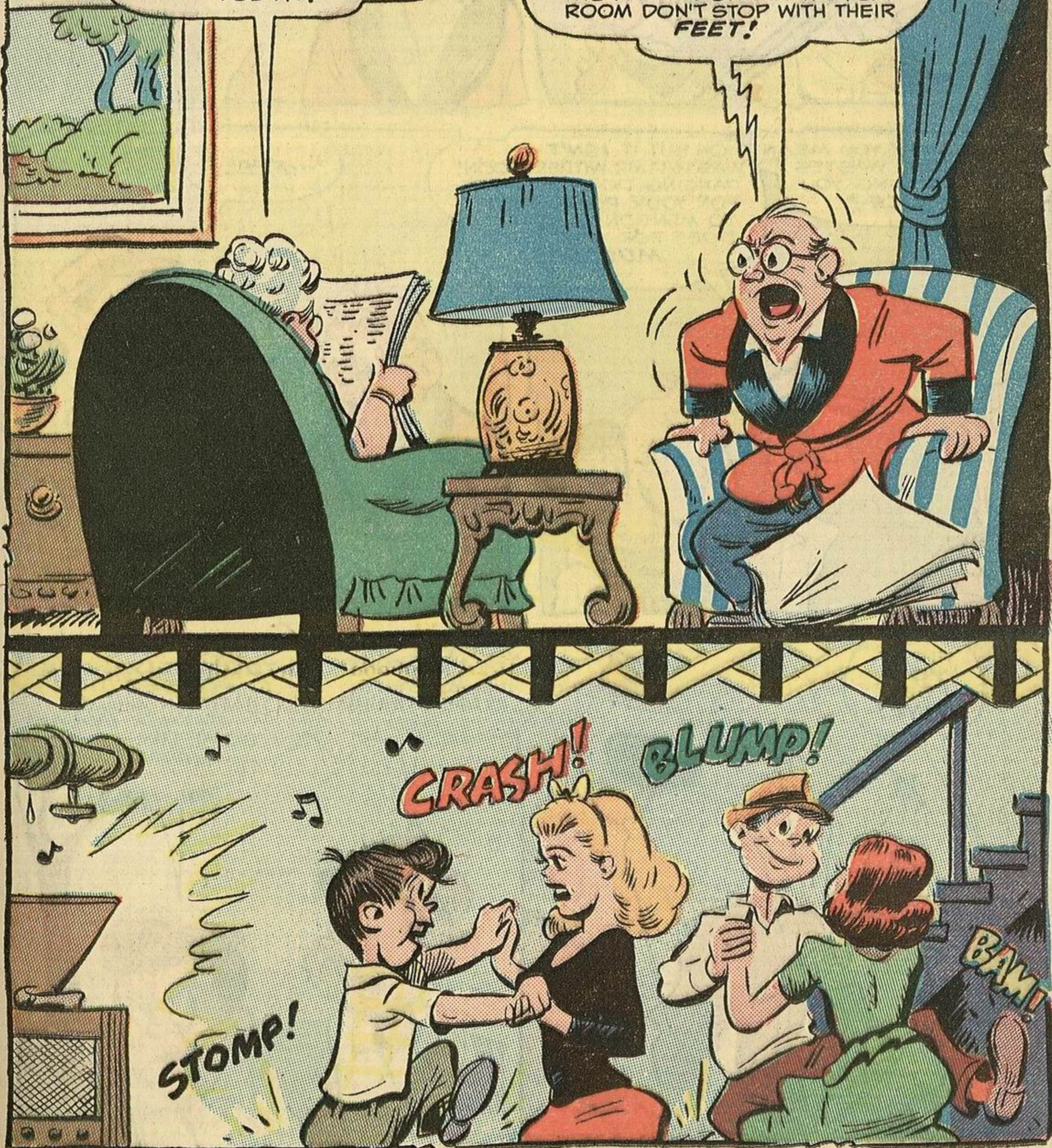
"It is *not* the end, young man," the dignified butler corrected him. "As I see it, this damage will cost you twenty-five dollars! I hope you're prepared to defray these costs!"

A deep groan welled up inside of Jitterbuck Jones. "Me an' my clean slate!" he moaned. "I shoulda stood in *bed*!"

Angelpuss

IT SAYS HERE THAT THE
FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY
IS IN THE HANDS OF OUR
YOUTH!

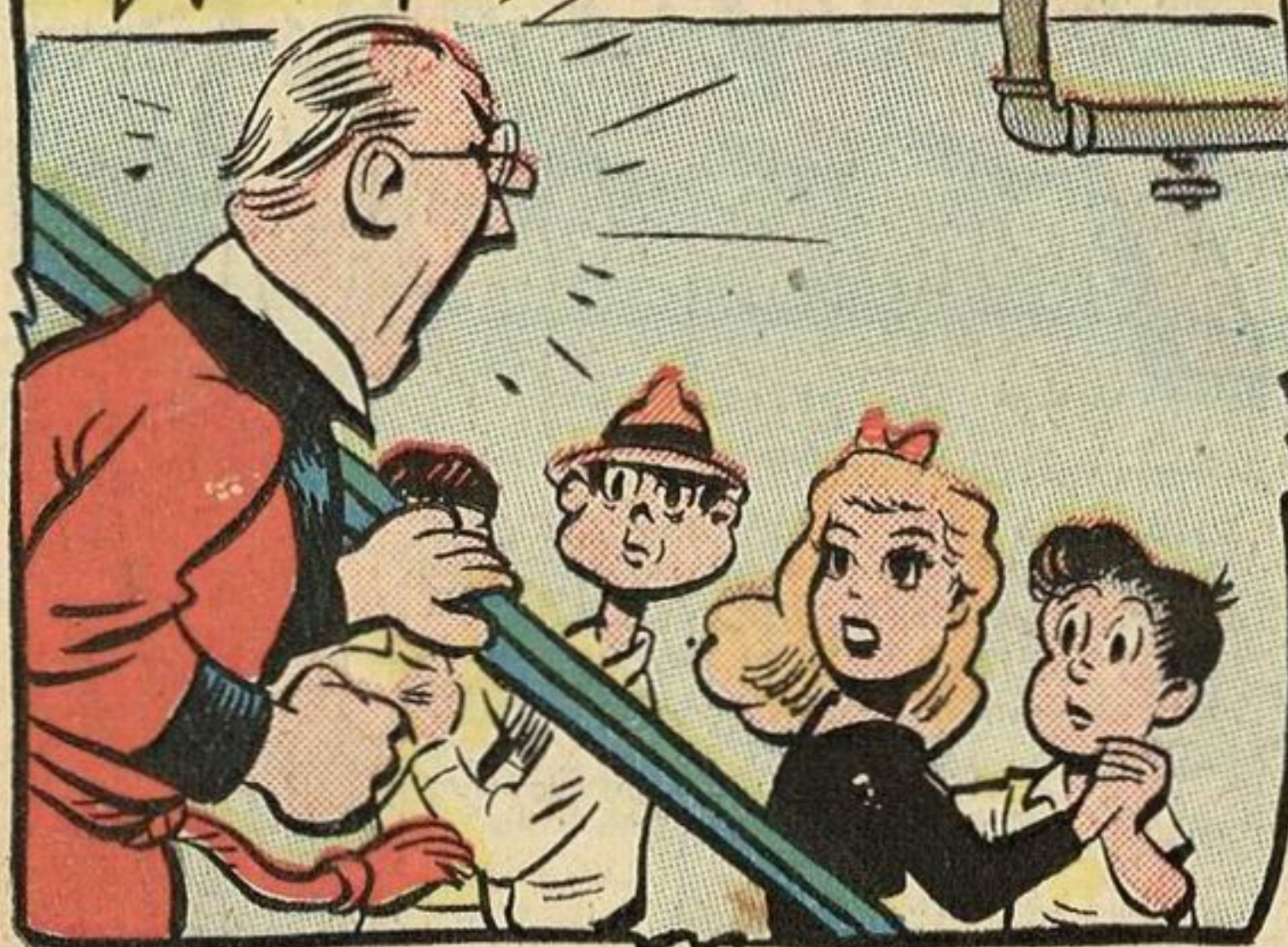
THAT MAY BE TRUE ABOUT OUR
COUNTRY... BUT OUR **HOUSE**
WON'T **HAVE** A FUTURE IF
THE YOUTH DOWN IN THE PLAY-
ROOM DON'T STOP WITH THEIR
FEET!



QUIET!

WHAT'S
ALL THIS
RACKET
ABOUT?

WELL, DADDY... YOU SEE,
MURIEL AND I TAKE **DANCING**
AS A SUBJECT AT SCHOOL, AND
THE BOYS CAME OVER TO HELP US
WITH OUR **HOMEWORK!**



DANCING? YOU MEAN
THE SCHOOL WASTES
TIME TEACHING YOU
TO **DANCE?**

OH, BUT IT **ISN'T**
WASTED, MR. WITHERSPOON!
DANCING DOES WONDERS
FOR YOUR POISE... NOT
TO MENTION WHAT IT
DOES FOR YOUR **LEG**
MUSCLES!

...**FEEL!**



FIRST
YOU
FEEL
MINE!

WOT WUZ THE
IDEA OF PUNT-
ING MY PANTS,
COOKIE? HUH?

BECAUSE YA GOT
TOO WISE! YOU SEEM
TO **FORGET** THAT
THAT MAN WILL BE
MY **FATHER-IN-LAW**
SOME DAY... I
HOPE!



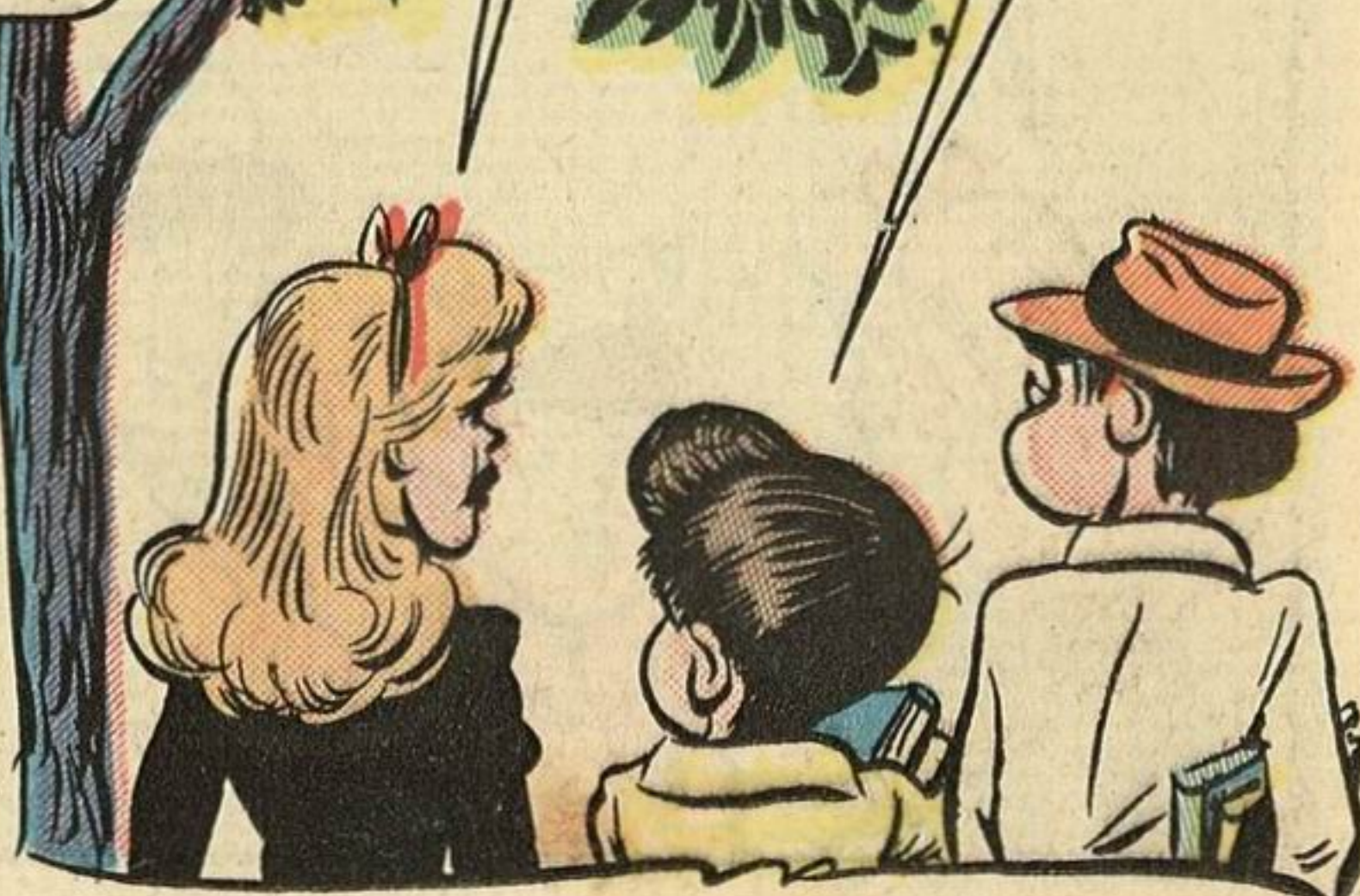
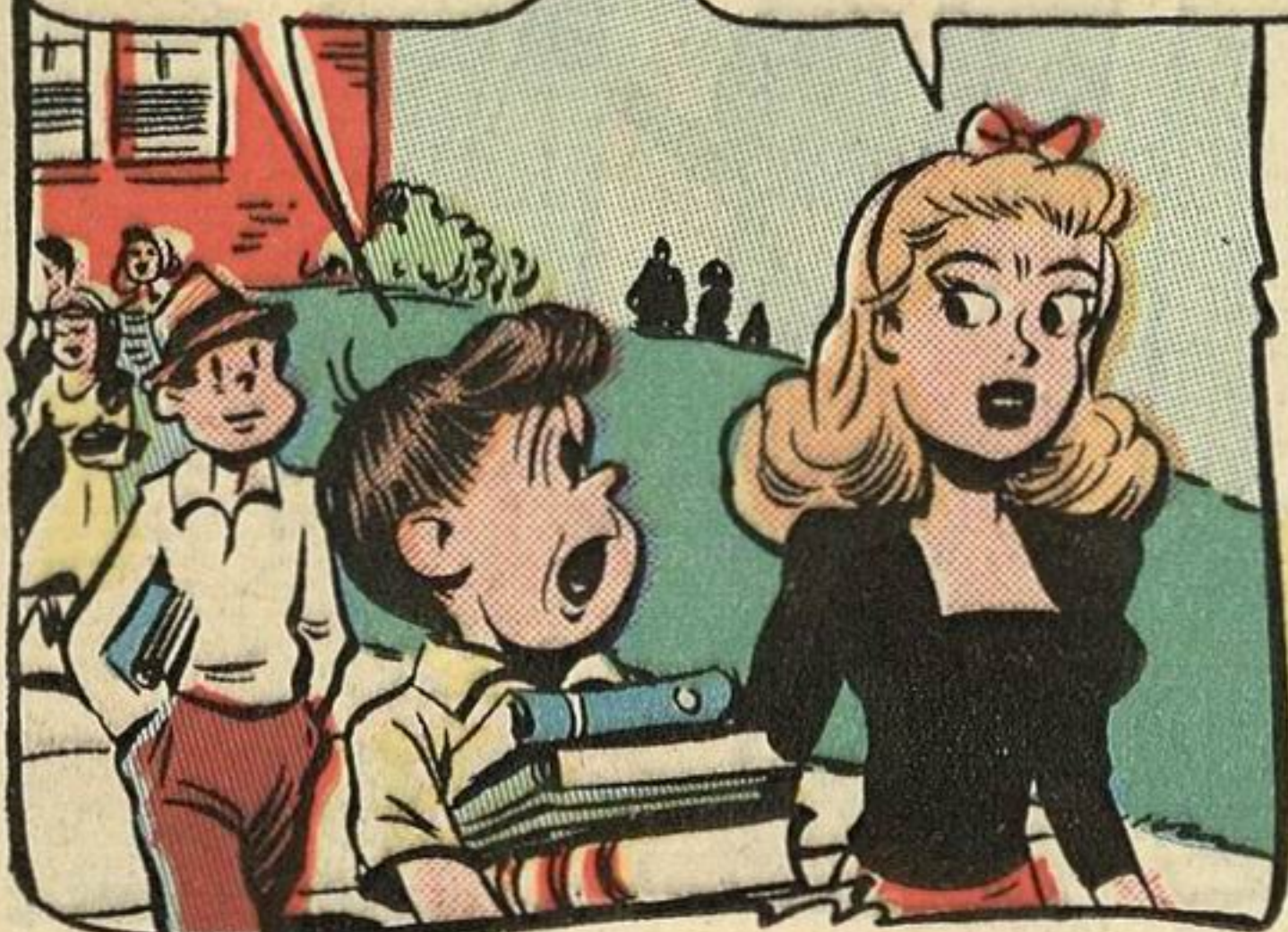
SO...THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

GEE, ANGELPUSS,
DON'T FEEL SO BAD!
JIT'S SORRY FOR
ACTIN' THE WAY HE
DID LAST NIGHT!

IT ISN'T THAT, COOKIE...
IT'S JUST THAT DADDY MADE
ME GIVE UP DANCING CLASS
AND TAKE **CHEMISTRY**
INSTEAD! AND I **HATE** IT!

...BESIDES, I'M SUCH
A STUPE I'LL **NEVER**
PASS IN A SUBJECT
LIKE THAT!

FORGET IT, ANGEL
...I'LL BE AROUND
TO HELP WITH
THE STUDIES!
I...



OH, NO! THAT'S JUST IT! DADDY
SAID IF I NEEDED HELP, I'D HAVE
TO GET IT FROM A **GIRL** FRIEND
...HE LAID DOWN AN ULTIMATUM
ABOUT **NO BOYS**!

HEVVINS
TO BETSY!

THIS IS NO **LAUGHIN'**
MATTER, FRIEND!
PASS ME THE
STRYCHININE!

I KNOW HOW YOU
FEEL, COOKIE! I
CAN'T BEAR TA SEE
HER FLUNK A SUBJECT
EITHER!



IT ISN'T ONLY **THAT**
...BUT WHAT HAPPENS
TO ALL THE BEAUTIFUL
EVENINGS WE MIGHT HAVE
SPENT TOGETHER IN THE
SEARCH FOR KNOWLEDGE,
HER AN' ME? WHAT...

TURN OFF THE
TEARS! I'VE JUST
BEEN STRUCK
WITH A TERRIFIC
IDEA...**MINERVA!**

MINERVA?

YEAH, MINERVA!
MEET MINNIE...
ME! LISTEN...



Later...THE WITHERSPOON HOME...

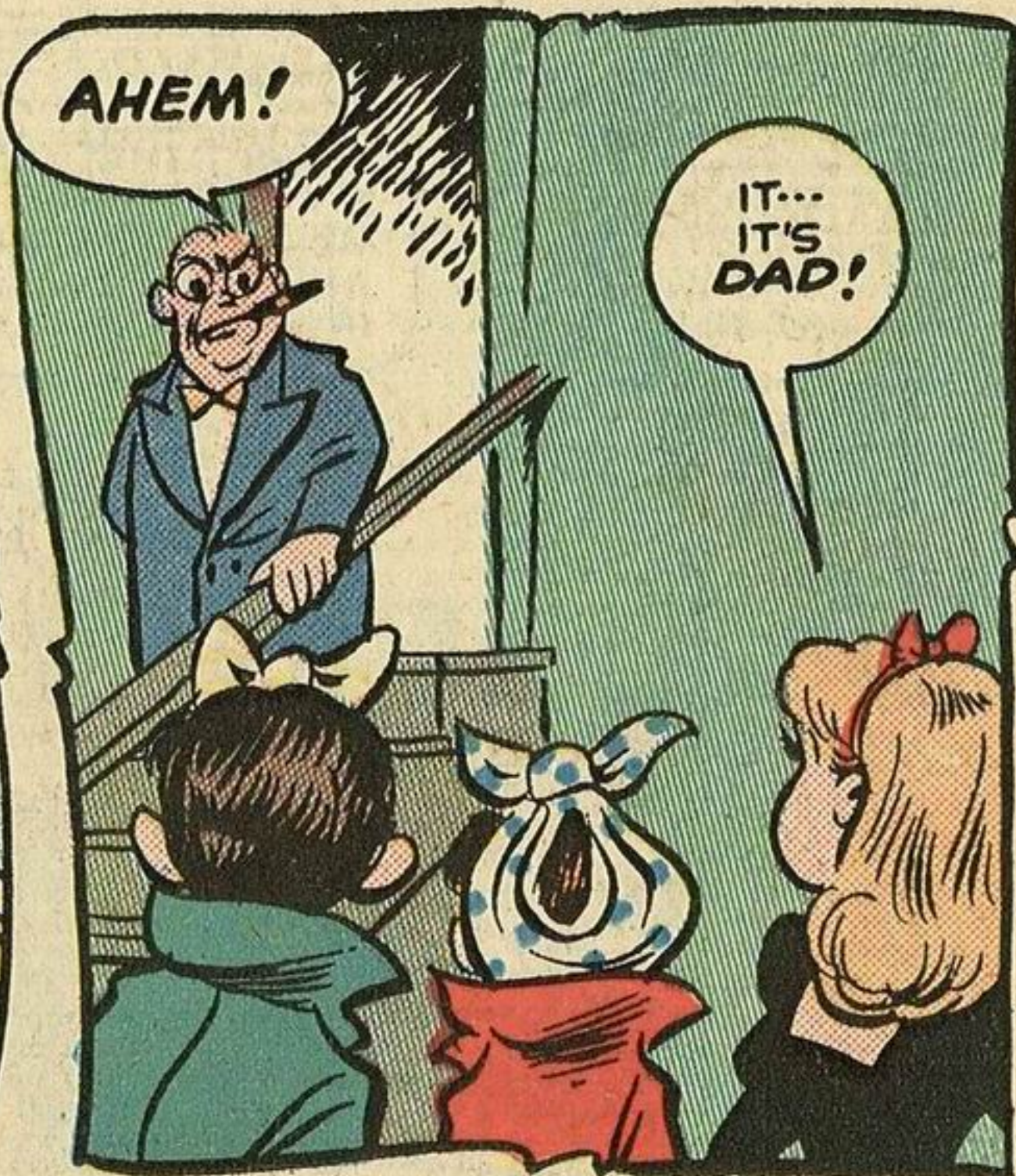
BUT COOKIE, YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME! IF DADDY FINDS OUT, HE'LL BE **WILD!**

SO HE **WON'T** FIND OUT...AS LONG AS THESE **DISGUISES** HOLD OUT!



AHEM!

IT... IT'S **DAD!**

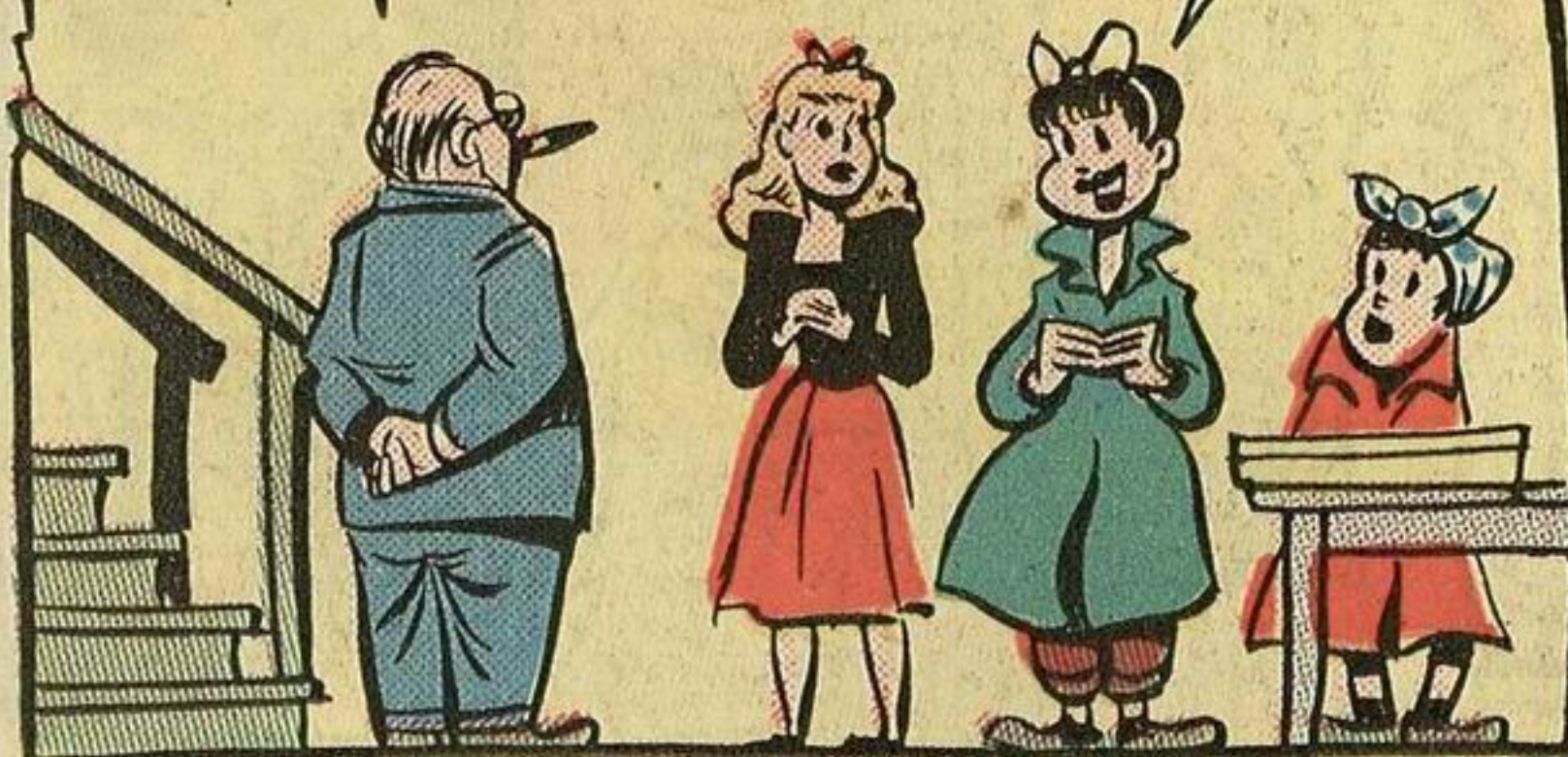


ANGELPUSS, I THOUGHT I MADE IT PLAIN YOU WERE TO INVITE NO MORE BOYS TO HELP WITH YOUR STUDIES!

BUT SIR, WE'RE NOT BOYS...WE'RE **GIRLS!** AND OUT OF THE GOODNESS OF OUR LITTLE HEARTS, WE'VE COME TO HELP OUR NEW CLASSMATE WITH HER STUDIES!

HMMM...THIS I'VE GOTTA **SEE!** **PROCEED!**

ER...YESSIR!... WELL, ANGELPUSS, AT PRESENT THE CLASS IS CONDUCTING AN EXPERIMENT IN A **MOISTURE-PROOF CHEMICAL!**



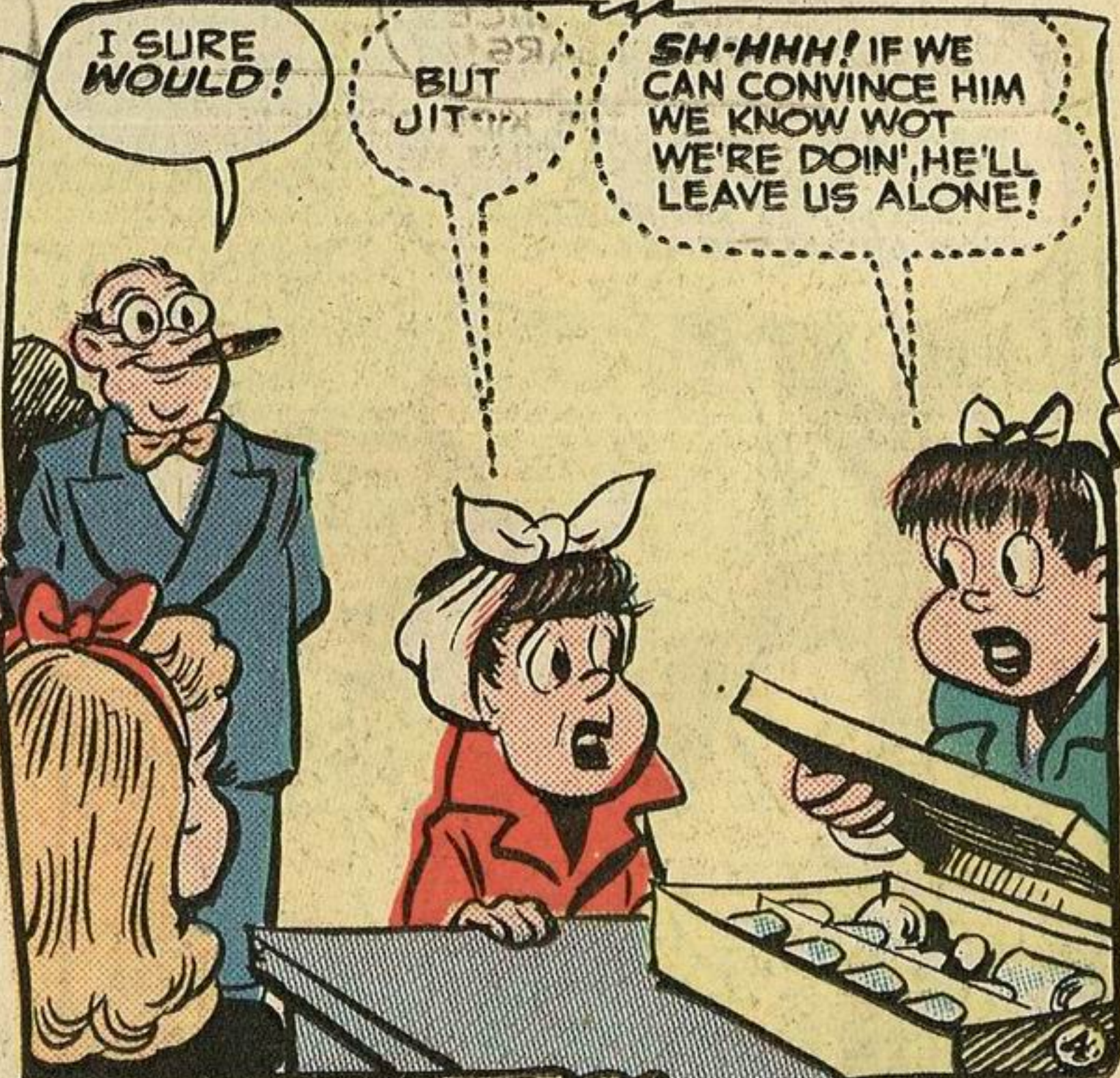
YOU MEAN THAT STUFF YOU SPRAY ON CLOTHES, AND THEY DON'T GET WET?

EXACTLY, SIR! WOULD YOU LIKE A **DEMONSTRATION?**

I SURE **WOULD!**

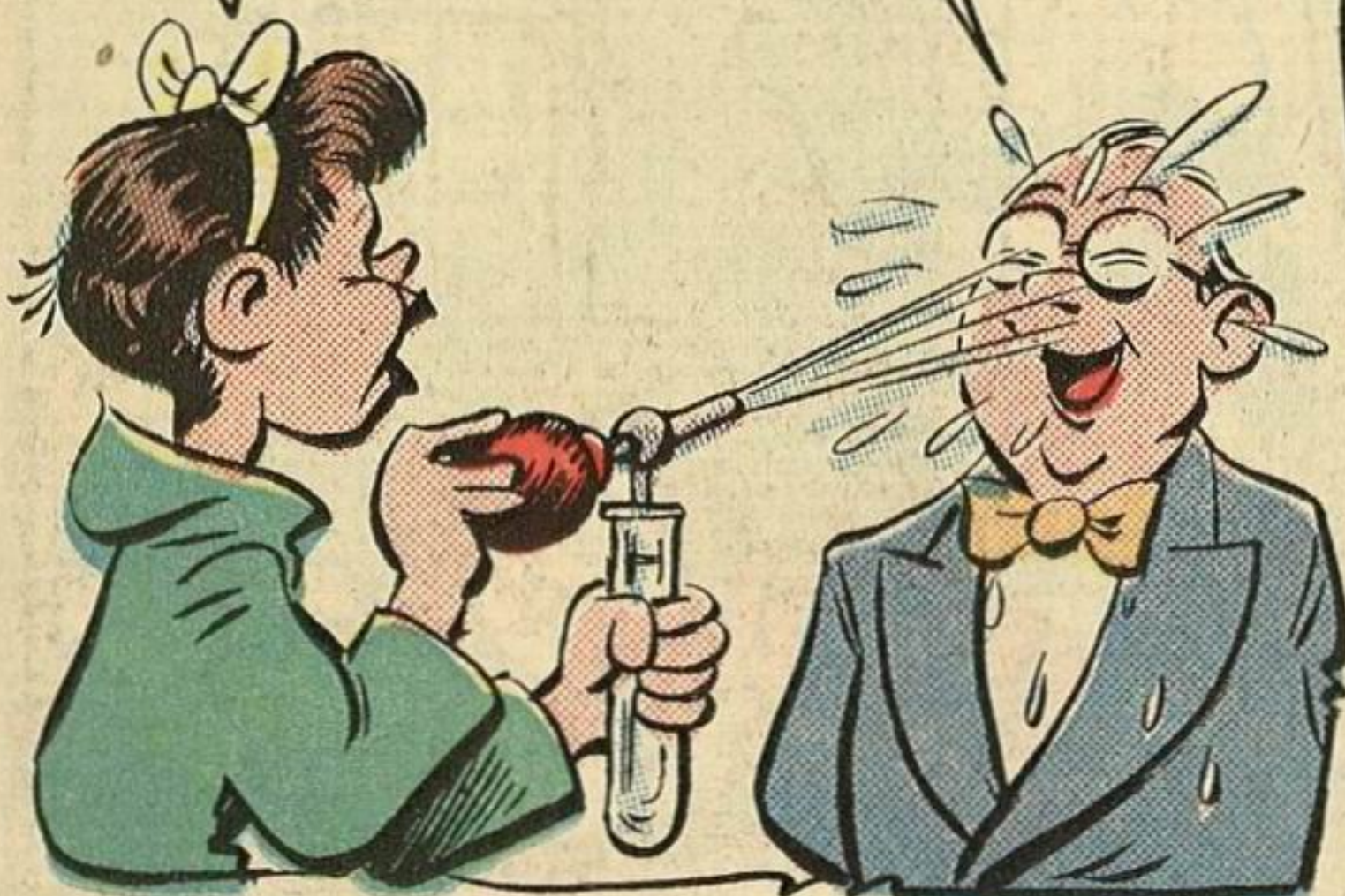
BUT JIT...

SH-HHH! IF WE CAN CONVINCE HIM WE KNOW WOT WE'RE DOIN', HE'LL LEAVE US ALONE!



THERE YOU ARE, MR. WITHERSPOON! FROM NOW ON, YOU'LL SHED LIQUIDS LIKE A DUCK!

THAT'S IT! PUT IT ON MY HEAD, TOO... I WANT TO GO UPSTAIRS AND SURPRISE MY WIFE!



WELL, THERE HE GOES! SEE? I TOLD YOU HE'D LEAVE US ALONE!

YEAH... JEEPERS! NOW I CAN TAKE THIS BANDAGE OFF MY NOGGIN' AN' WIPE OFF THE LIPSTICK!



WHOOPEE! LOOK, MA... I'M A HAMBURGER!

WORTHINGTON WITHERSPOON... HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND? THAT'S KETCHUP!

BUT THE MAN SAYS HE LIKES KETCHUP ON HAMBURGERS... AND MUSTARD, TOO! HA-HA!

I'M GOING TO CALL THE DOCTOR!



HOLD IT, MAW... IT WAS ONLY A GAG!... WITH A FEW SWIPES OF THE TOWEL, ALL EVIDENCE OF THE STUFF DISAPPEARS!

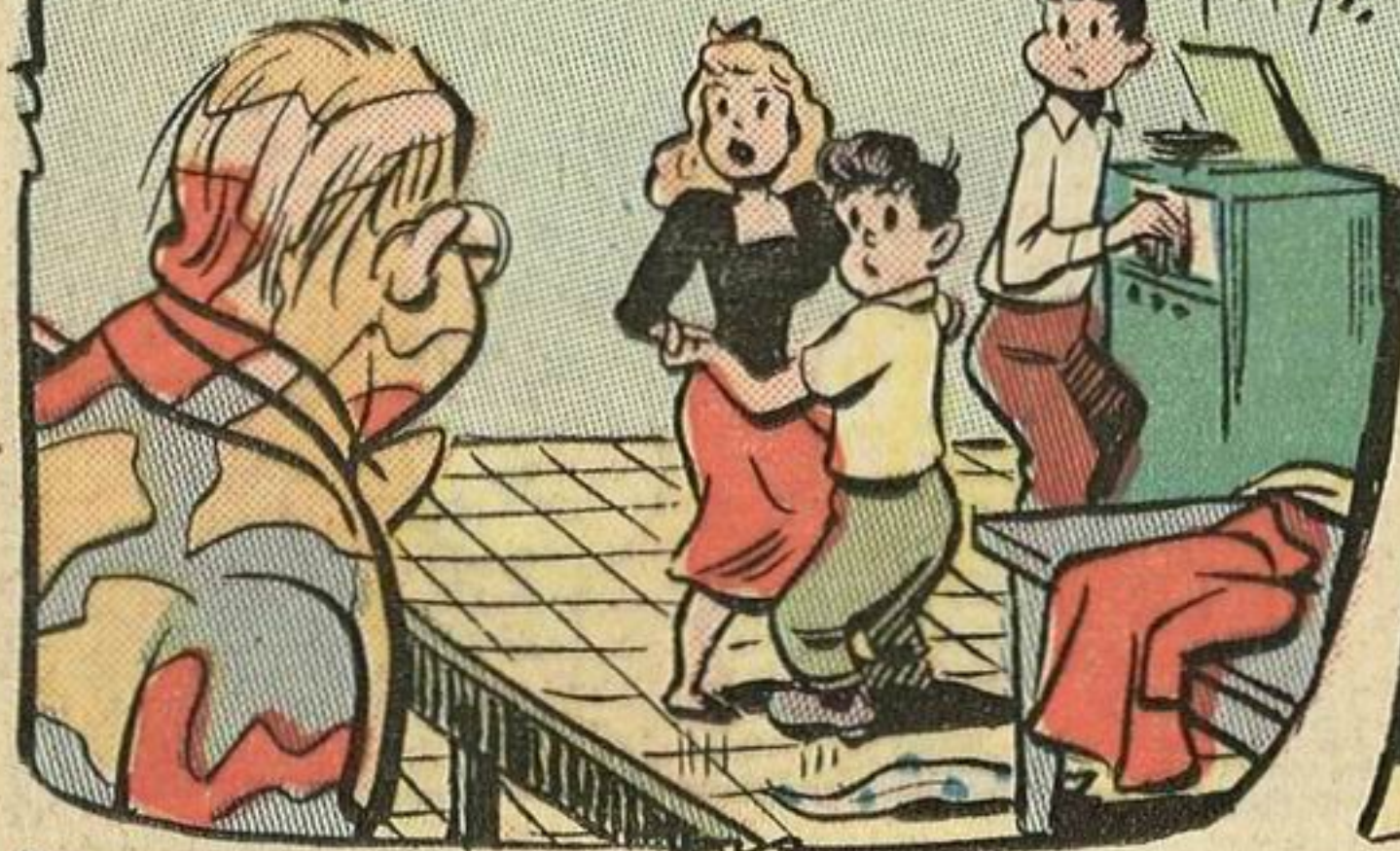
...THE KIDS DOWNSTAIRS HAVE THAT NEW MOISTURE-PROOF CHEMICAL... AND WHEN YOU'RE SPRAYED WITH IT, NOTHING CAN HURT YOU OR YOUR CLOTHES!

SEE? ...CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

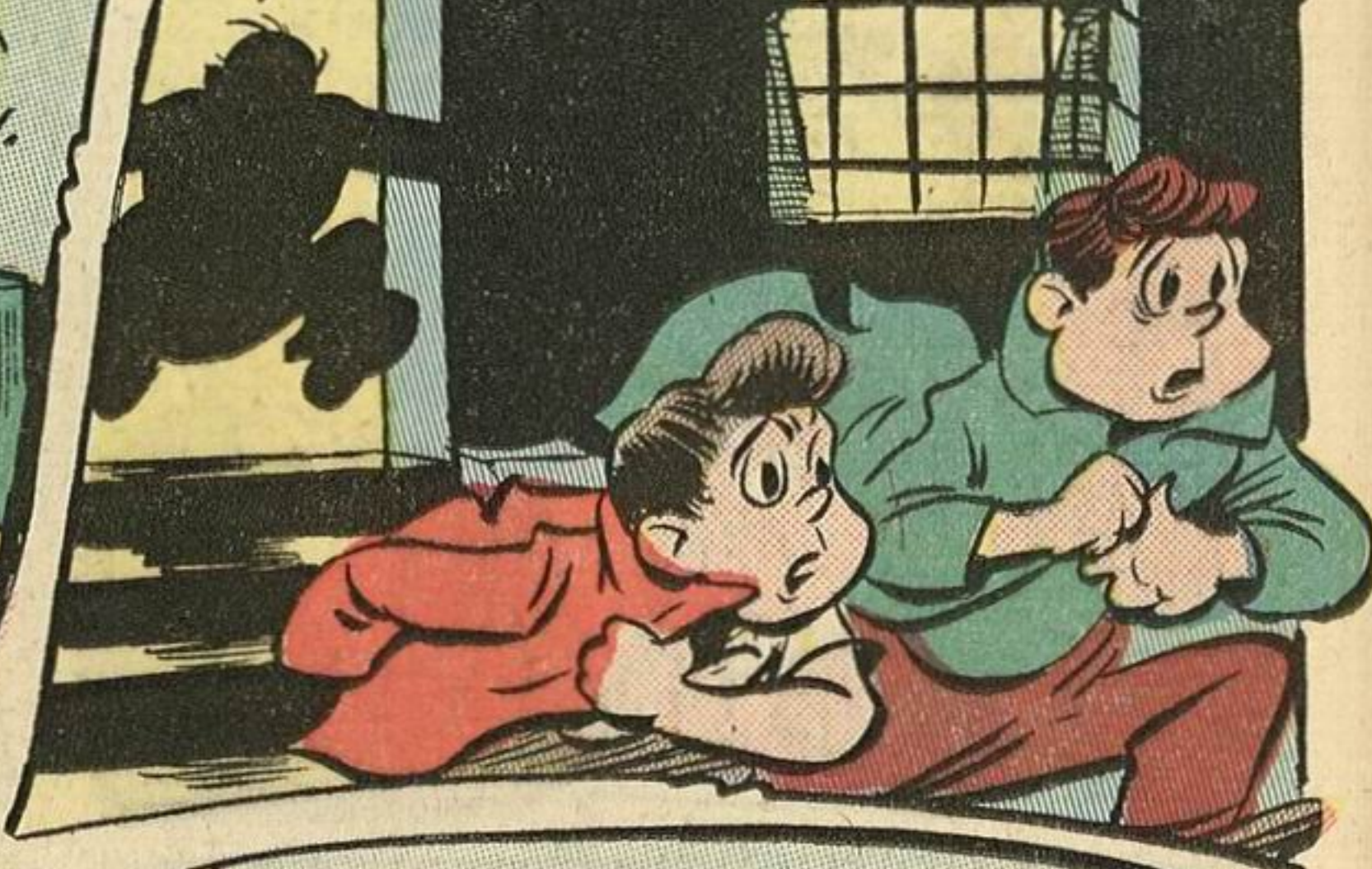
YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN I THOUGHT YOU WERE!



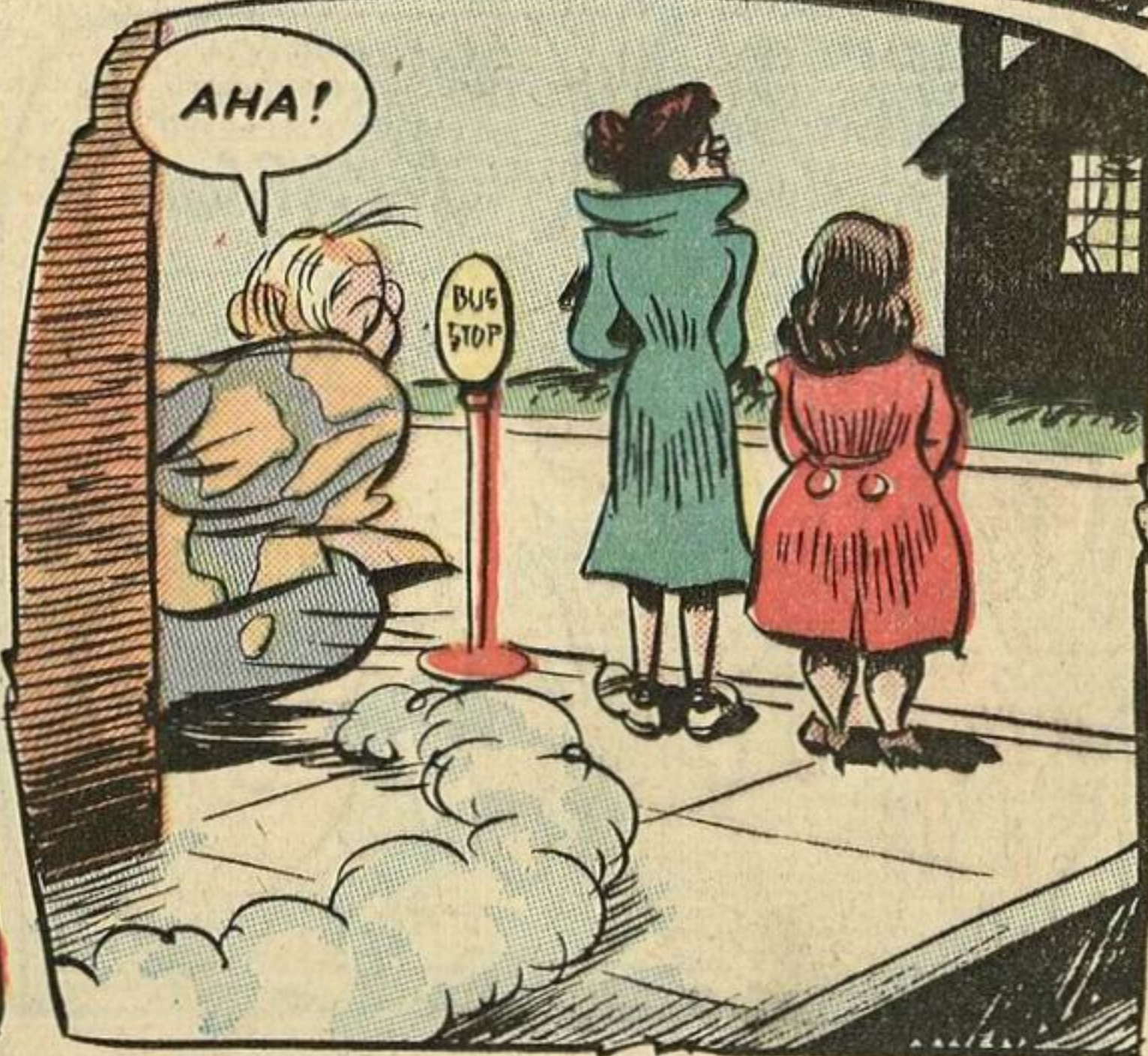
SAY, GIRLS, I THINK
YOU MADE A MISTAKE
WITH THAT... **WOT
THE!**



I SHOULD HAVE **KNOWN**
IT WAS YOU TWO ALL THE
TIME! **COME BACK
HERE!**

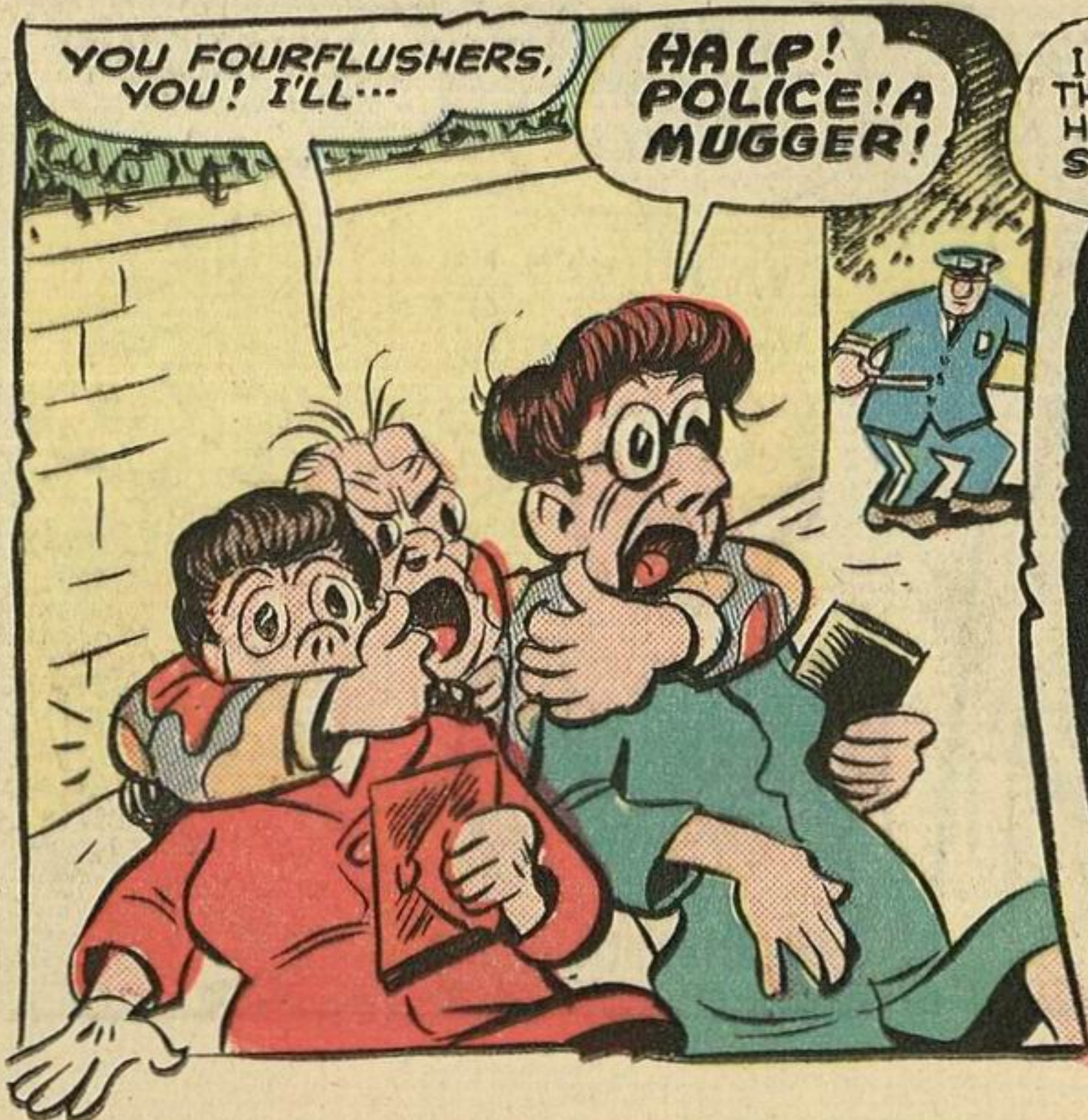


AHA!



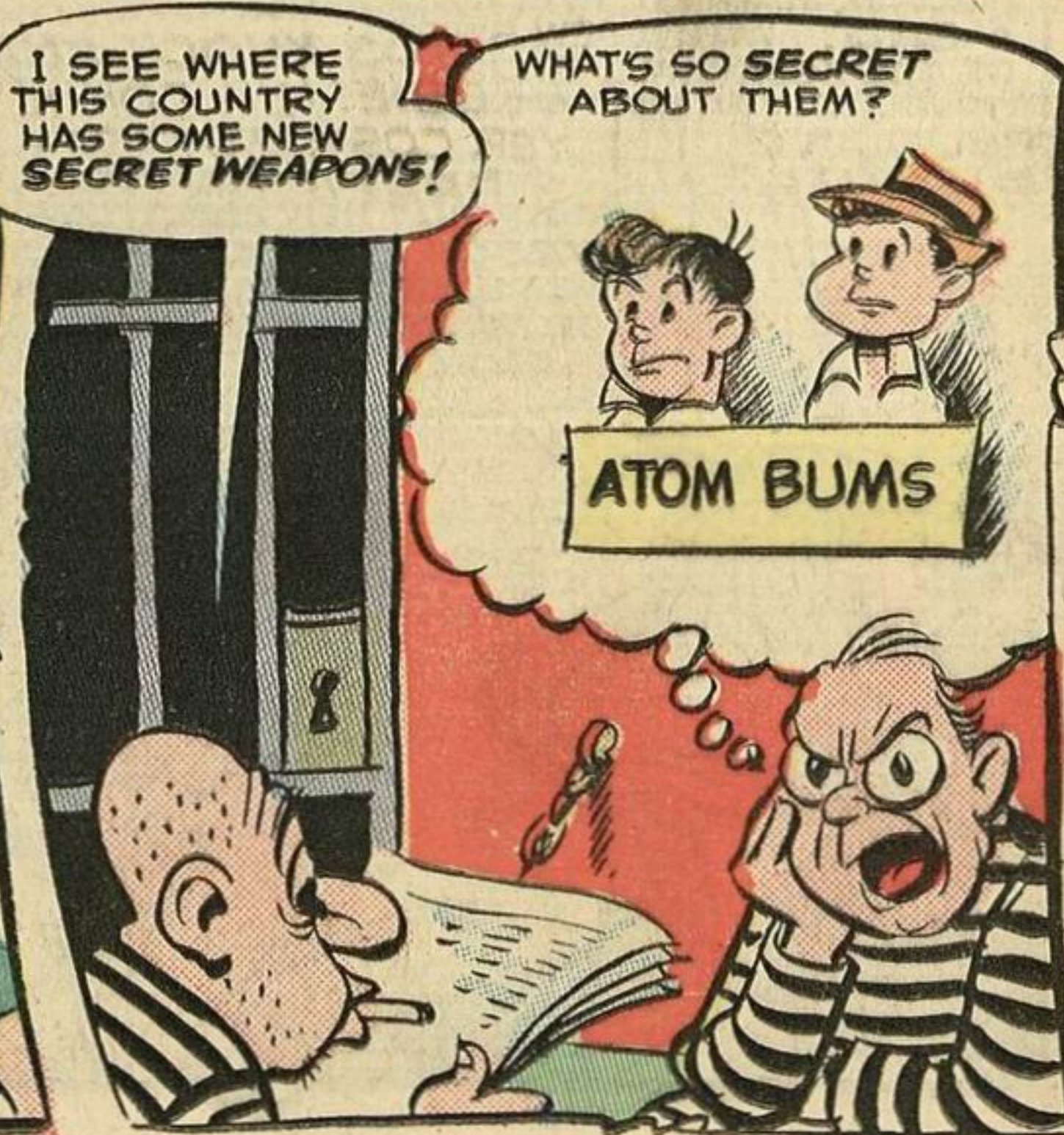
**YOU FOURFLUSHERS,
YOU! I'LL...**

**HALP!
POLICE! A
MUGGER!**



I SEE WHERE
THIS COUNTRY
HAS SOME NEW
SECRET WEAPONS!

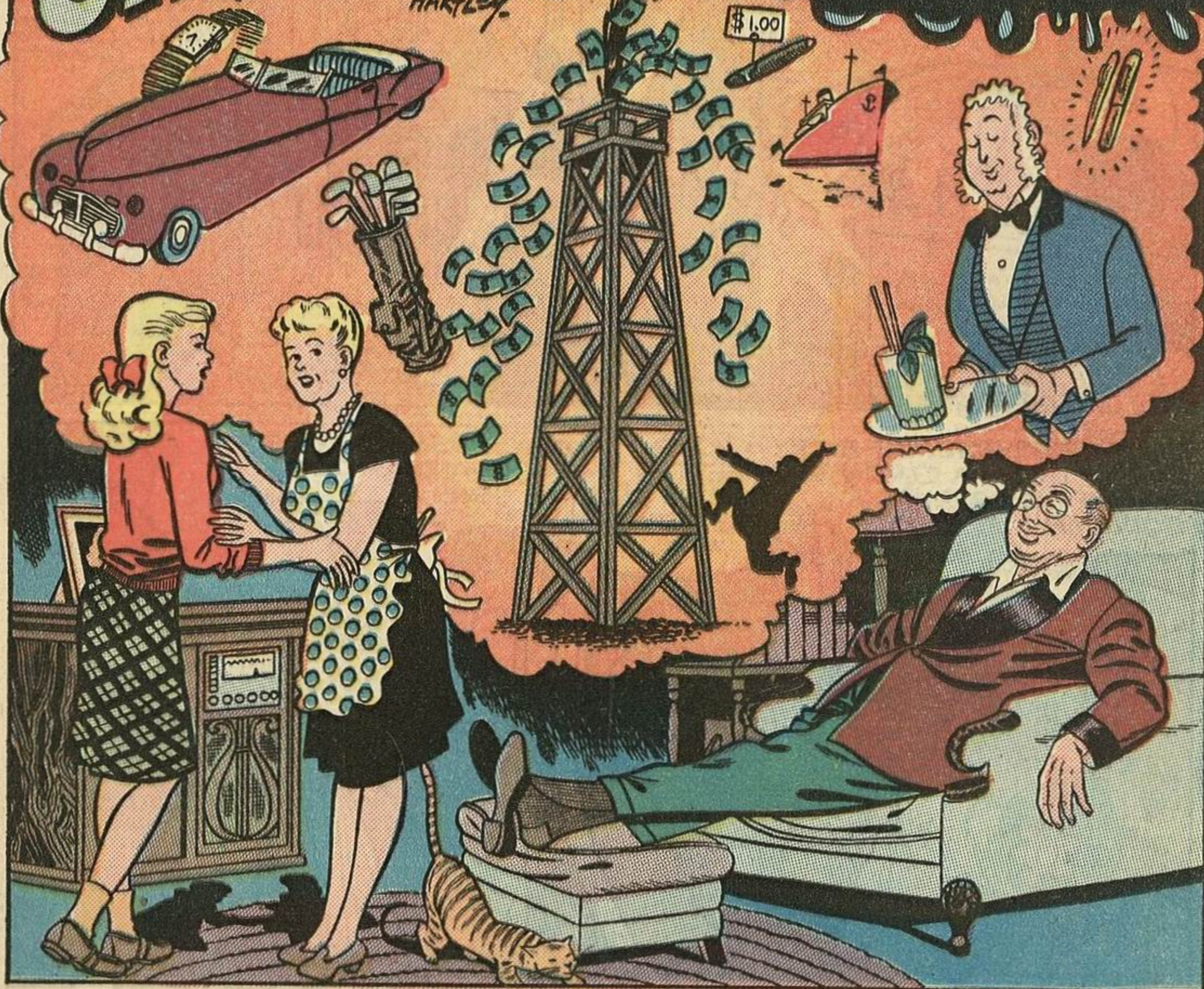
**WHAT'S SO SECRET
ABOUT THEM?**



The GIRL FRIEND

by AL HARLEY

YOU'LL GUSH WITH LAUGHTER... AS DEBBIE TRIES TO EXPLAIN AN OIL WELL IN THE CELLAR!! AND DON'T FORGET... OIL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL!



ZOWIE! PICKLES, ARE YOU PEDDLING BANANAS?

BUENOS KNOCK-KNEES, DEBBIE! I'M COMIN' TO YER COSTUME PARTY AS A **BRAZILIAN BOMB-SHELL**... BUT I NEED MORE JEWELRY! CAN I BORROW SOME?

COME IN, PICKLES... I'VE GOT A BUNCH OF TRINKETS IN THE CELLAR THAT'LL CLASH BEAUTIFULLY WITH THAT OUTFIT!





AH, HERE THEY ARE!
NOW TO JUST MOVE
THIS ... **OOPS...** !

HEAVENS! I
BROKE THE
PIPE!

HAVE NO FEAR, DEBBIE ... I'M
HERE! "IF YOUR WATER PIPE
TRICKLES, CALL FOR PICKLES,"
I ALWAYS SAY! **HEH-HEH!**

THUD!



DON'T I PASS **SCIENCE** EVERY
MONTH? THIS IS A **CINCH** FOR
ME! I'M THE ORIGINAL
POPULAR MECHANIC!

YOU'D
BETTER
LET ME CALL
THE REPAIR
MAN!

NONSENSE! ... THERE, IT'S
FIXED ... AND AS GOOD
AS NEW!



AHEM! I COULD USE
A DRINK OF WATER
AFTER **THAT!**

OH SURE,
PICKLES!
NATCH!

YIPE! WHAT IS IT?
WHAT'S **WRONG?**

COUGH!
COUGH!

SPLUT

DEBBIE, THIS TASTES
LIKE **OIL!** IN **FACT,**
IT **IS OIL!**

I **THOUGHT** YOUR
VOICE SOUNDED
AWFULLY **SMOOTH!**

STOP CLOWNIN'...
I'M SERIOUS!

WELL THEN, **HANDY-
ANDY,** YOU MUST HAVE
CONNECTED THE PIPE
FROM THE OIL BURNER
TO THE WATER
SYSTEM!

YOU'D BETTER GET A LEFT-
HANDED MONKEY WRENCH
AND FIX IT BEFORE MY DAD...

DEBBIE...
DEBBIE!

DEBBIE! CALL A PLUMBER!
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG
WITH THIS @*!! SHOWER!

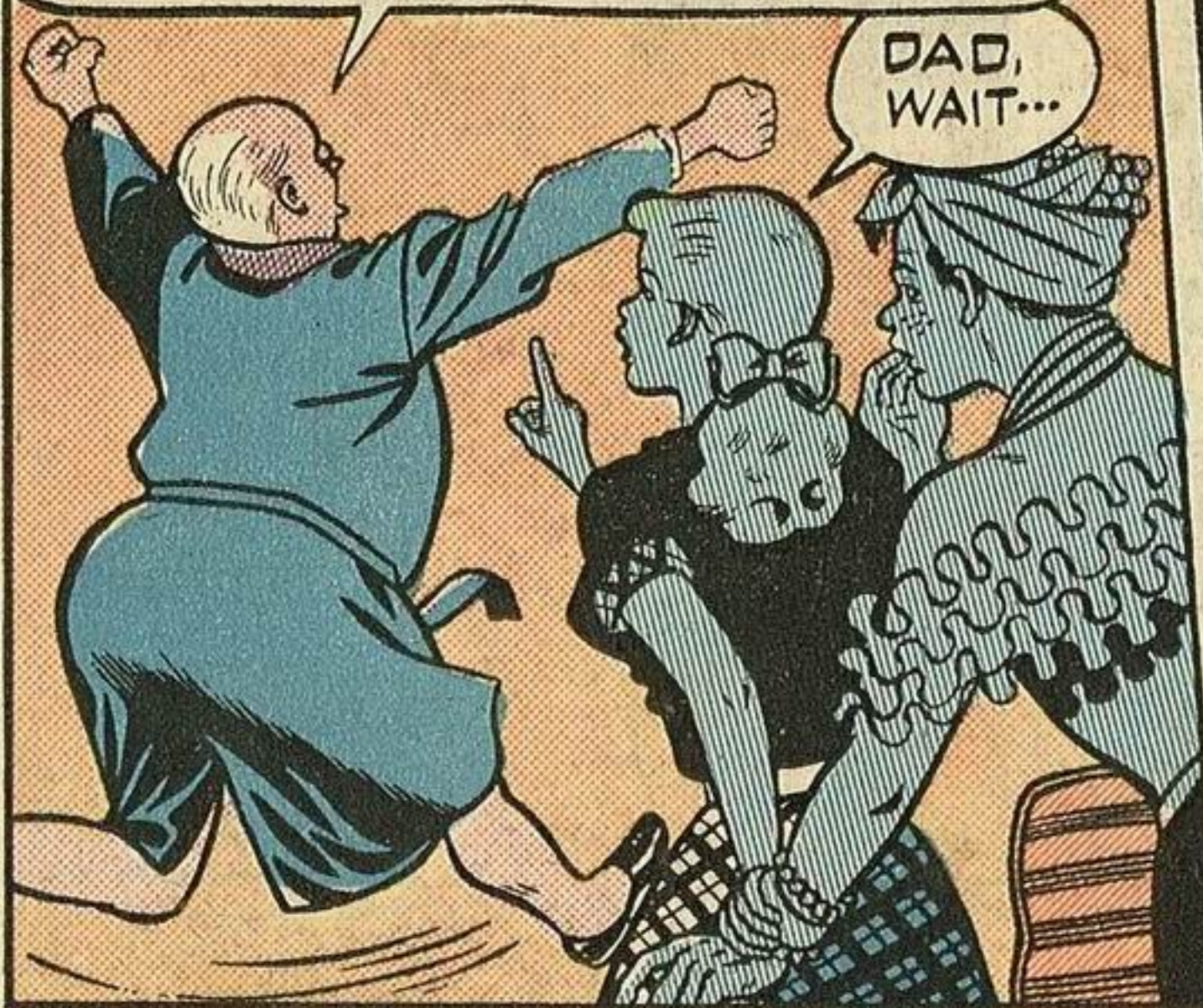
NOW BEFORE ANYTHING
ELSE HAPPENS, GET...

DEBBIE
...LOOK!

EEK!
MORE
OIL!



GREAT SCOTT! NOW I GET IT... I'VE STRUCK OIL! DEBBIE... THERE'S OIL ON OUR PROPERTY... OIL... DO YOU HEAR?... OIL! HA-HA-HA!

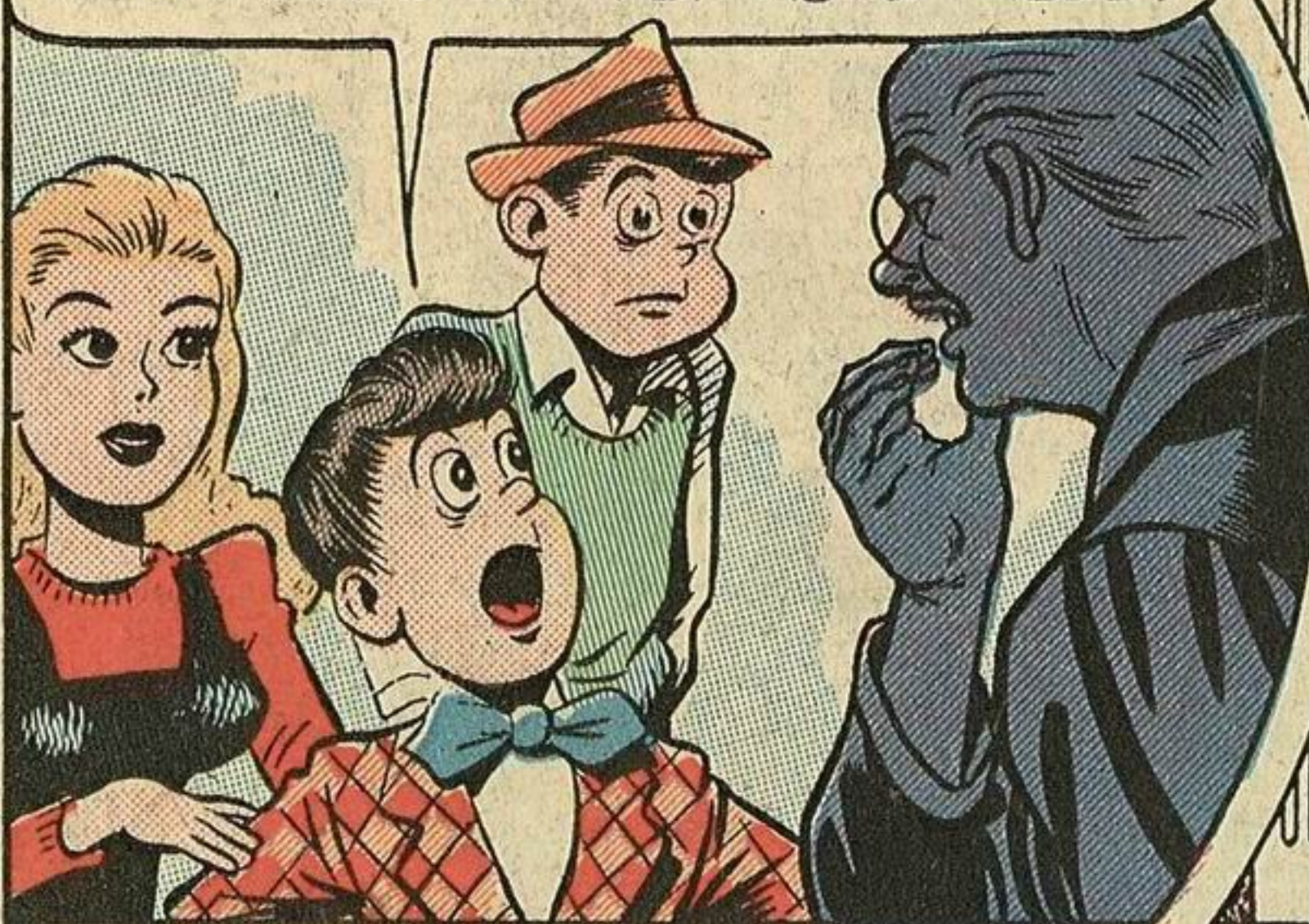


DAD, WAIT...

DEBBIE, WE'RE RICH!... WE CAN LIVE LIKE ROYALTY! A YACHT... WINTERS IN NASSAU... WHY, I'LL RETIRE!

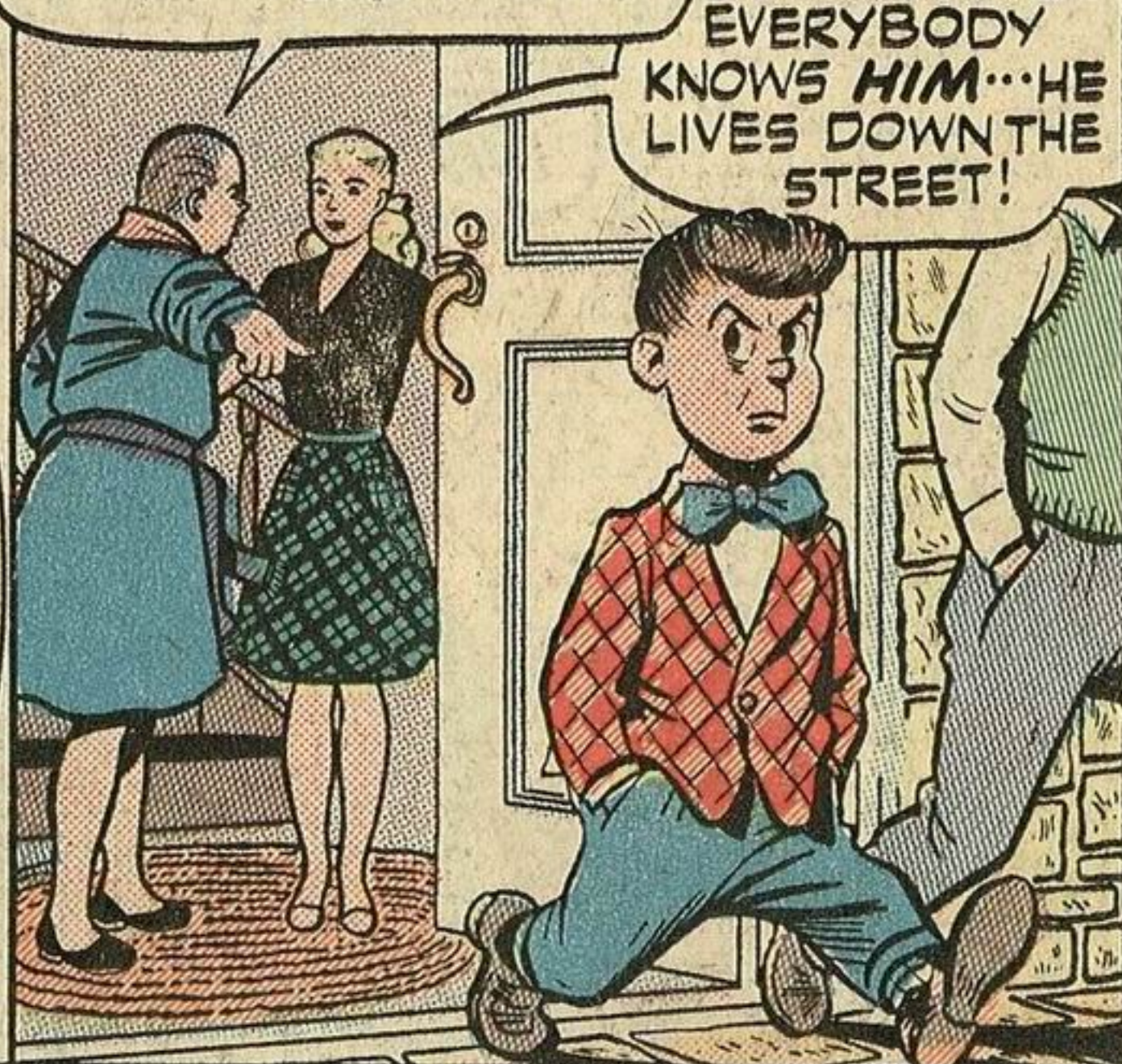


PARDON ME FOR BUSTIN' IN LIKE THIS, BUT WILL YOU PEOPLE PLEASE DRAW THIS STORY TO A HASTY CONCLUSION? WE'RE IN A BANGEROO **COOKIE** STORY THAT STARTS IN A FEW MORE PAGES!



DEBBIE! WHO WAS THAT IMPUDENT RUNT?

OH, THAT'S **COOKIE**, DAD! EVERYBODY KNOWS **HIM**... HE LIVES DOWN THE STREET!



LATER... OH, **PICKLES**, THIS HAS GOT OUT OF HAND! DAD'S GOING HOG-WILD... HOW WILL I EVER TELL HIM THE **TRUTH** ABOUT THIS OIL BUSINESS?



DEBBIE, THE TABLE'S SET FOR YOUR COSTUME PARTY... AND I THINK SOME OF YOUR GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED!

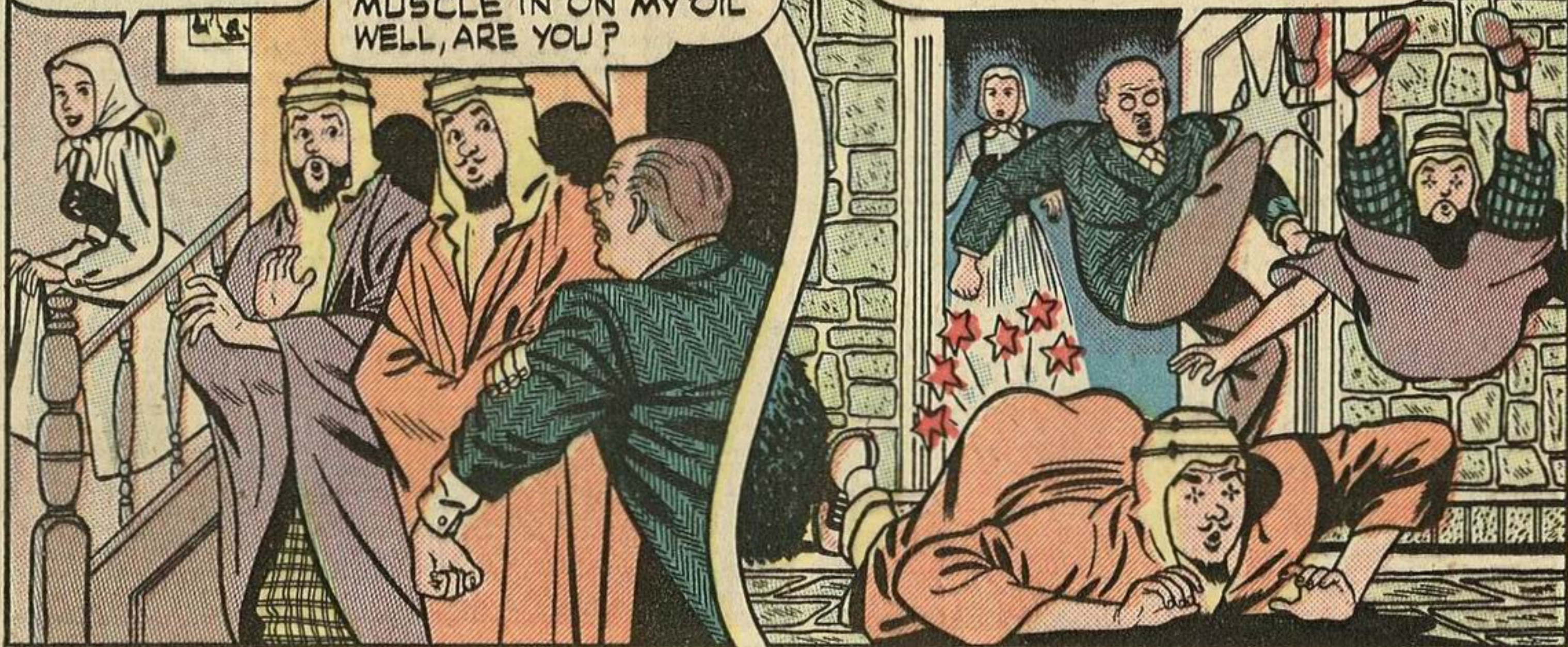
THANKS, MOM!



HI, FELLAS! SAY!
THOSE **COSTUMES**
ARE **ALL REET!**

WHAT'S THIS? A COUPLE
OF THOSE FAR EASTERN
PRINCES! TRYING TO
MUSCLE IN ON MY OIL
WELL, ARE YOU?

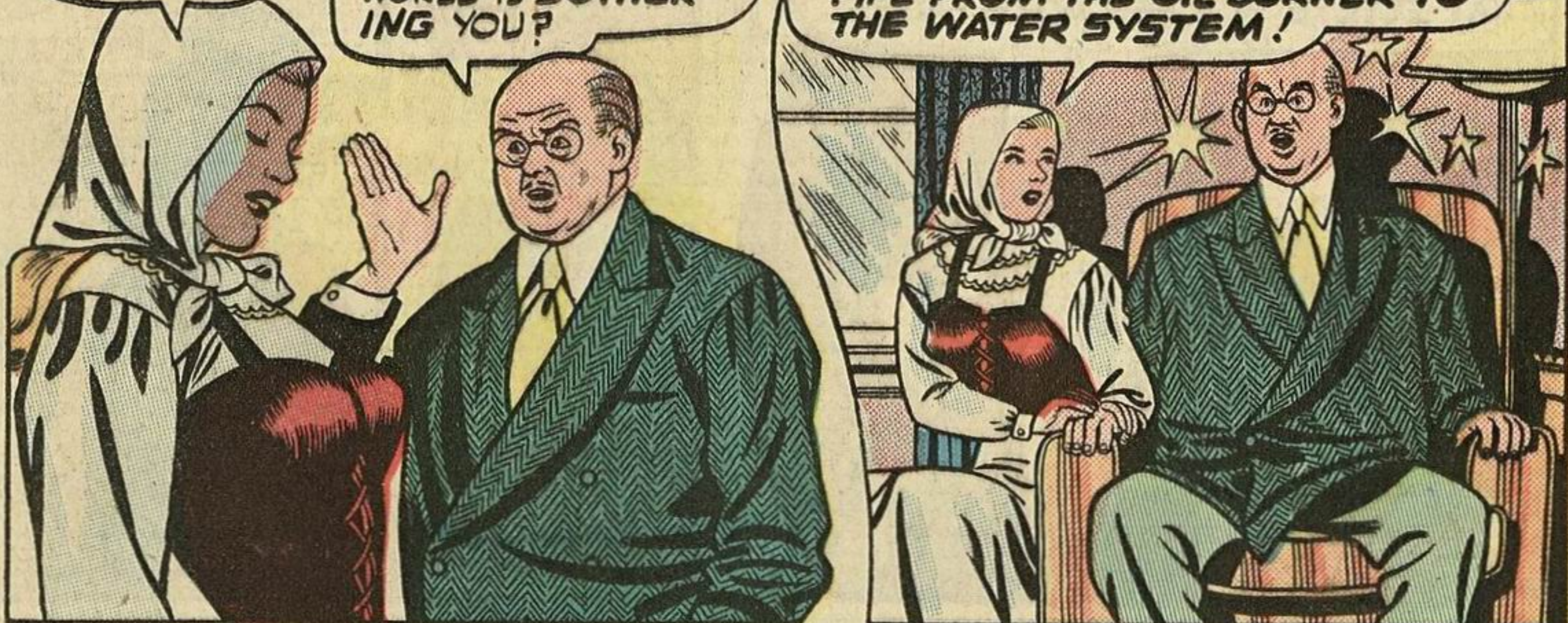
SCRAM! BACK TO YOUR OASIS! AND
YOU CAN TELL YOUR PAL ROCKEFELLER
TO KEEP HIS DISTANCE, TOO!



DAD, I'VE **GOT** TO
TELL YOU SOME-
THING!

DEBBIE, YOU'VE BEEN
YAMMERING ALL AFTER-
NOON! WHAT IN THE
WORLD IS **BOTHER-**
ING YOU?

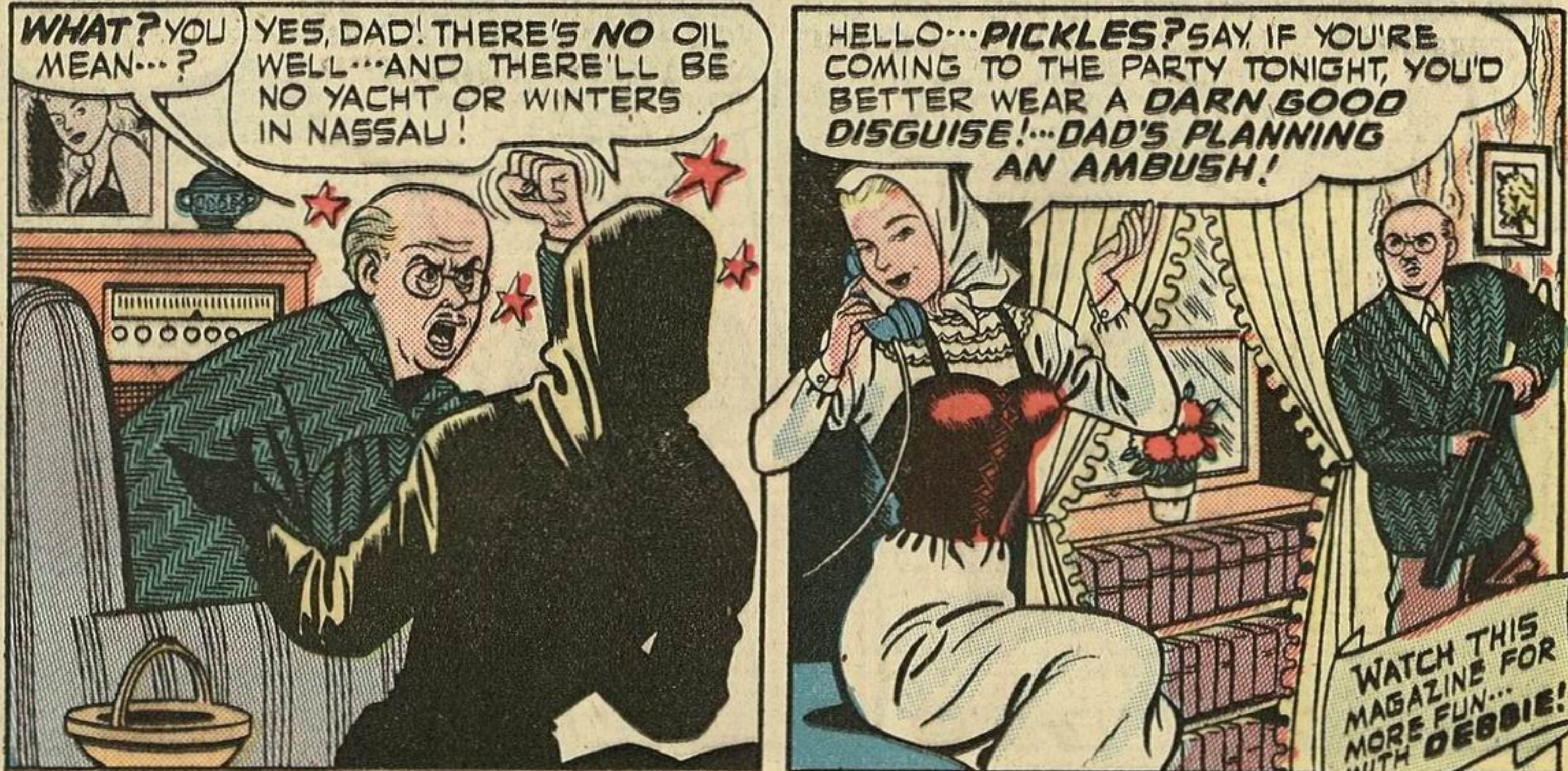
SIT DOWN, AND **BE BRAVE**, DAD! WE
HAD AN ACCIDENT IN THE CELLAR
TODAY... **PICKLES CONNECTED THE**
PIPE FROM THE OIL BURNER TO
THE WATER SYSTEM!



WHAT? YOU
MEAN...?

YES, DAD! THERE'S **NO** OIL
WELL...AND THERE'LL BE
NO YACHT OR WINTERS
IN NASSAU!

HELLO...**PICKLES?** SAY, IF YOU'RE
COMING TO THE PARTY TONIGHT, YOU'D
BETTER WEAR A **DARN GOOD**
DISGUISE!...DAD'S PLANNING
AN AMBUSH!



COOKIE O'TOOLE

BOY
WONDER

“**D**OESN'T *any*one in this class know the answer to my question?” the teacher asked in an annoyed voice. “Didn't *any*one do the assigned reading?”

In the back of the room, feeling very virtuous, Cookie raised his hand. For once, he *did* know the answer. What a triumph! That he, Cookie O'Toole, should be the only one in the class who had done his homework! He raised his hand higher.

But the teacher, plainly disgusted, had given up all hope of receiving an answer. Slamming her book shut, she snapped, “In *that* case, you will *all* read two additional chapters tonight and be prepared to take a test on them tomorrow! Class dismissed!”

Now, that's the kind of experience that can make a guy plenty bitter, which is exactly how Cookie felt as he left the classroom.

Anger seethed within him as he thought the entire situation over. He could hardly wait to express his feelings about it to his folks. At the dinner table that evening, Cookie started to tell his story. “Ya wanna hear some-thin' real mean that happened to me today, Pop?” he asked.

“Later, son, I've got to check through these reports now,” his father answered, burying his head in a sheaf of papers.

“Listen, Mom,” Cookie appealed to his mother, “a terrible thing happened to me in school today. The . . .”

“Of course, dear,” Mrs. O'Toole remarked absent-mindedly. “I hear Mrs.

Jones is planning to buy a new fur coat when the sales come along.” This last remark was addressed to her husband.

Cookie could feel his heart swelling with indignation. So! It wasn't bad enough to be ignored at school, by his teacher! No, he hadda be ignored by his very own parents, as well! A lot they cared what happened to him! Well, he was just glad to learn that his own mother and father took no interest in him! *Very* glad!

Of course, there was always Angel-puss Witherspoon, the girl of his dreams, both waking and sleeping. She would listen sympathetically, making understanding remarks in her sweet little voice.

Stepping around to the Witherspoon house, Cookie started to tell Angel of his humiliation. “Today, in class,” he began, but Angel's mind seemed to be on other things entirely.

“Cookie,” she asked, “do you think I ought to wear my pink or my blue to the dance this Saturday?”

The last straw! His one-and-only hope had failed him. Angelpuss Witherspoon was not interested in what had happened to Cookie O'Toole! Muttering any old answer, he said good-night and beat a hasty retreat.

All that night, Cookie thought of his unhappy position in life. He brooded, in fact. And the following day, he confided his thoughts to Jitterbuck Jones, who was *really* a pal.

“I tell you, Jit, I'm sick an' tired of bein' treated like I wuz Mr. Nobody

from Nowhere!" Cookie complained. "Gosh, they all act as if they don't see me or hear me! I'm just not important enough, I guess. Well, I'm gonna make everyone in town sit up an' take notice of Mr. Cookie O'Toole!"

"How?" Jit asked, not unreasonably.

"I'm just gonna put this little old town on the map!" Cookie answered. "You'll see!" He would say no more of his plans, but all that day, Jit could tell that Cookie was excited.

The moment that school was out, Cookie hurried off by himself, intent on seeing his plan through. He was going to see His Honor, The Mayor! He had a few ideas that would make that worthy sit up and take notice, all right, like a swimming pool smack in the heart of the shopping district, for instance! Or maybe tearing down the school an' building a ball park there instead. Not bad! Not *half* bad!

As Cookie entered the City Hall, he read the lettering on each door in the hope of finding the Mayor's office.

As he passed a door, however, he stopped short. There was a funny kind of voice coming out of that room, husky-like, and it was whispering, "Don't worry, the city will never miss it! It's only twenty-five thousand dollars! I'll take it out of here myself, if you're scared!"

Now the door was opening. Cookie flattened himself against the wall, so he would not be seen. Someone was coming out . . . a short, beefy man with his hat turned down and his collar turned up. He looked sneaky to Cookie, who had already thought out the situation. This guy was *robbin'* the city! Well, Cookie O'Toole was ready to stop *him*!

Sauntering carelessly, Cookie trail-

ed the beefy man out of the City Hall, never taking his eyes off him. The man headed across town, with Cookie following closely. Pursued and pursuer left the town, and made for the woods nearby. What was happening? Cookie could see another man, emerging from the woods and the beefy one handing him something . . . the *money*!

Cookie didn't wait. With a yell, he leaped between the two men, shooting for a branch overhead. Clinging to the branch, Cookie swung freely from it, clipping the men sharply across their heads. One of them went down! One to go! Swinging back again, Cookie caught the other sharply, sending him to the ground unconscious!

It seemed hours before the police got there, racing in with their sirens screaming. A couple of reporters were there, too. Cookie, shaken and dazed, found that people were slapping his back, pumping his hands, congratulating him.

"Kid," one of the reporters told him, "you have just uncovered the *hottest* scandal in town! We've been suspecting the City Treasurer of helping himself to funds . . . but you caught him with the goods!"

"Yipes!" yelled Cookie. "You mean I just knocked out the *City Treasurer*?" And he passed out!

When he came to, Cookie O'Toole found that he had indeed made his mark. "My son!" his father beamed.

"My brave boy," sobbed his mother.

"My hero!" Angelpuss whispered.

"Now will somebody listen to me?" Cookie demanded. And he told his story at last, without one single interruption from anyone. Cookie O'Toole had become a man of distinction and people *listened* to him!

BINKY

IF I TOSS YOUR BALL JUST ONCE, WILL YOU LEAVE ME ALONE?

ARF!
ARF!
ARF!



I'LL HEAVE AS FAR AS I CAN--

THERE! THAT OUGHT TO HOLD YOU FOR AWHILE!



LAUNDEE ALL DIRTY... MASTER WILL PAY PLENTY FOR THIS... YOU SEE!



??

GOSH! I DIDN'T KNOW I THREW IT THAT FAR!

??



LIFE WITH POP

YOO-HOO...POP! COOKIE'S TEACHER IS INSIDE! SHE WANTS TO SEE YOU ABOUT HIS **FORGETFULNESS!** SEEMS HE'S VERY **ABSENT-MINDED** IN SCHOOL!

OH, THAT KID! I'LL ---OKAY, MOM! I'LL BE RIGHT IN!

POP... **WAIT!** YOU CAN'T GO IN TO SEE HER LOOKING LIKE **THAT!**

AND WHY NOT? I...ER... **UM-MMM!**

ER...I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN, MOM! I'LL BE DOWN IN A **JIFFY!**

TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

IT'S A FATHER'S **DUTY**, ANYWAY --- TO MAKE A GOOD IMPRESSION ON HIS SON'S TEACHER!

BESIDES, I WOULDN'T WANT HER TO THINK THAT COOKIE'S ABSENT-MINDEDNESS CAME FROM **MY** SIDE OF THE FAMILY!

AHEM! GOOD AFTERNOON, TEACHER!

WELL, OF **ALL** THE---

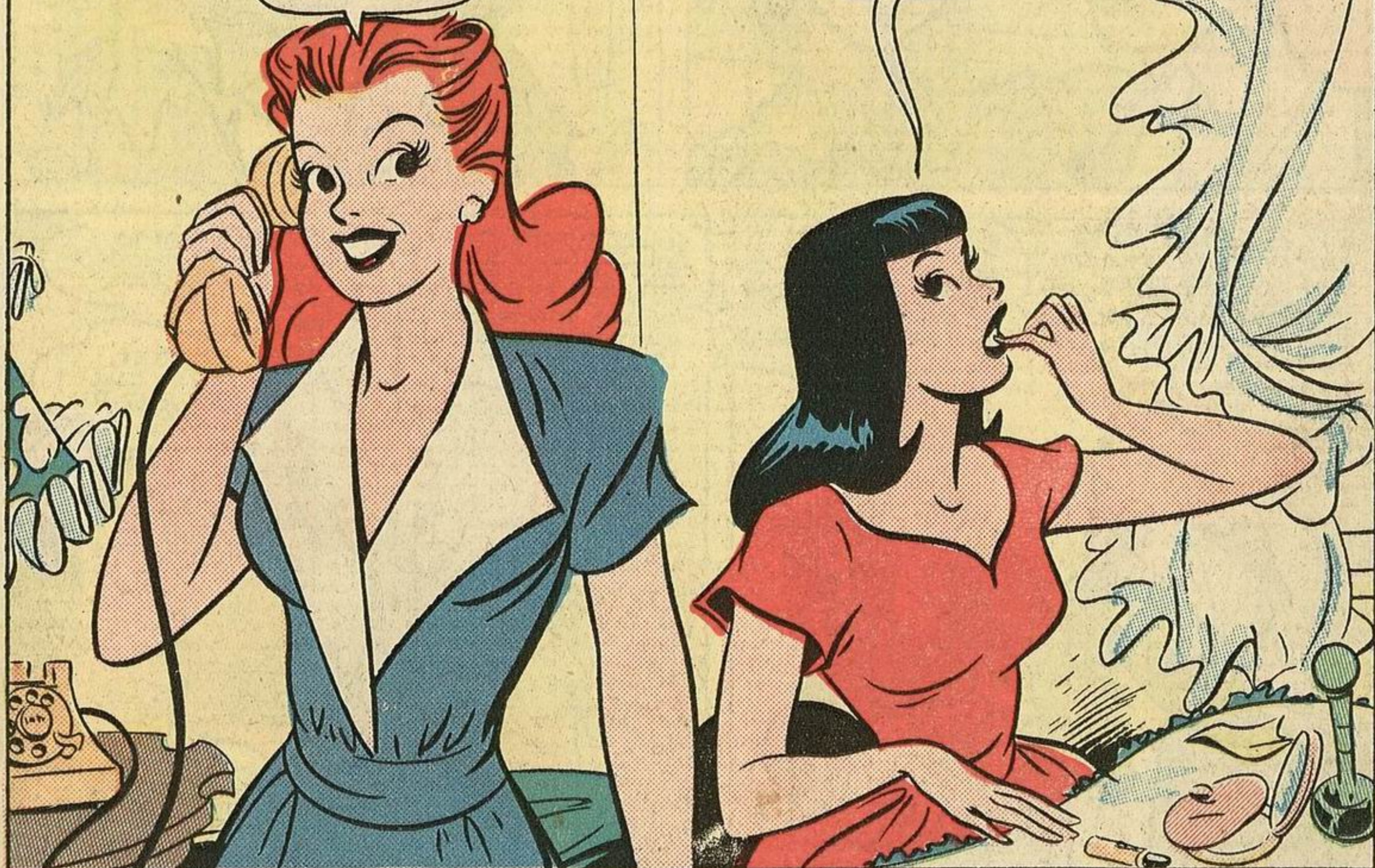
POP!

STARLET O'HARA

IN HOLLYWOOD

YES, MISS MARCHAM,
THIS IS STARLET...
WHAT? IN THE LOBBY,
TO SEE **ME?**... SURE,
SURE! I'LL COME
RIGHT DOWN!

JEEPERS, DON'T TELL
ME THE FELLAS ARE
HERE FOR US **ALREADY!**
MY MAKEUP ISN'T EVEN
ON YET!



IT'S NOT THE BOYS! SOME
GIRL WANTS TO SEE ME!
I DON'T KNOW WHO IT
COULD BE... SHE WOULDN'T
GIVE HER NAME! ...I'LL BE
RIGHT BACK!

WELL, MAKE IT
SNAPPY... WE
HAVEN'T GOT
MUCH TIME!
...GIVE HER A
FAST BRUSH-
OFF!



HI, STARLET!
SURPRISE!

PHYLLIS COLE!
W-WHAT ARE YOU
DOING THIS FAR
FROM HOME?







LOOK, SHE ISN'T KIDDING!

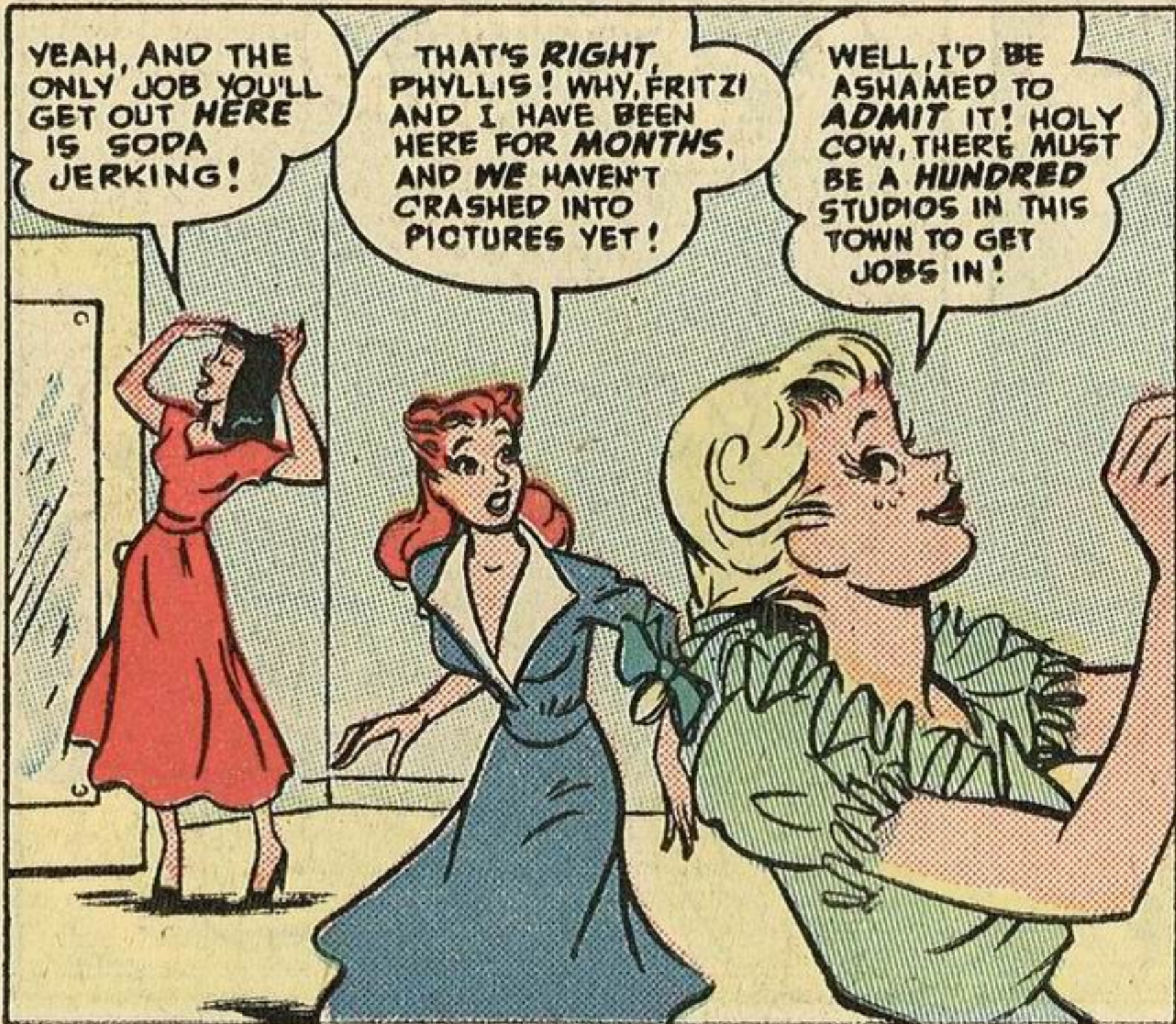
I THINK I'LL DO **COMEDY PARTS** MOSTLY... I LIKE THAT SORT OF THING! OF COURSE, IF THEY **INSIST**, I MIGHT DO SOME ROMANTIC ROLES, BUT MOSTLY I THINK, I'LL...



WELL, FOR... LISTEN, STARLET, THIS LITTLE GAL'S GOT TO BE SENT BACK HOME! SHE DOESN'T KNOW FROM **NOTHIN'**!

I KNOW IT! ALL SHE'S INTERESTED IN IS CHANGING JOBS... IT'S NOT **AMBITION**!

YEAH, THAT'S IT, AND THE ONLY JOB I CAN GET BACK HOME IS **SODA JERKING**! ...I'M TIRED OF IT!



YEAH, AND THE ONLY JOB YOU'LL GET OUT HERE IS **SODA JERKING**!

THAT'S RIGHT, PHYLLIS! WHY, FRITZI AND I HAVE BEEN HERE FOR MONTHS, AND WE HAVEN'T CRASHED INTO PICTURES YET!

WELL, I'D BE ASHAMED TO ADMIT IT! HOLY COW, THERE MUST BE A **HUNDRED** STUDIOS IN THIS TOWN TO GET JOBS IN!



THAT DOES IT! I'M SURE YOUR FOLKS DIDN'T KNOW HOW **TOUGH** THIS SETUP WAS OR THEY'D NEVER HAVE LET YOU COME OUT HERE! ... FIRST THING TOMORROW, I'M SENDING YOU...

THE PHONE! **YULP!** I'LL BET IT'S OUR DATES!



TELL THEM WE'LL BE DOWN IN JUST A MINUTE, WILL YOU, MISS MARCHAM? ... THANKS!

NOW LISTEN TO ME, YOUNG LADY! WE'RE GOING OUT, SO YOU GO AHEAD AND TAKE A SHOWER AND GO TO BED! I'LL TALK TO YOU IN THE **MORN-ING**!

OKAY, BUT IT'S GOING TO BE KINDA LONESOME HERE ALONE!



SORRY WE WERE LATE, JIMMY, BUT HAVE WE GOT A **PROBLEM**? A LI'L GAL FROM BACK HOME DROPPED IN ON US, AND SHE'S INNOCENT ENOUGH TO THINK SHE'S GOING INTO **PICTURES** IN THE MORNING!

YOU MEAN THE POOR LITTLE KID'S UP IN YOUR ROOM? ... WHY DON'T YOU ASK HER TO COME ALONG?

SURE! WE'RE JUST GOING TO DINNER AND DANCE A LITTLE!

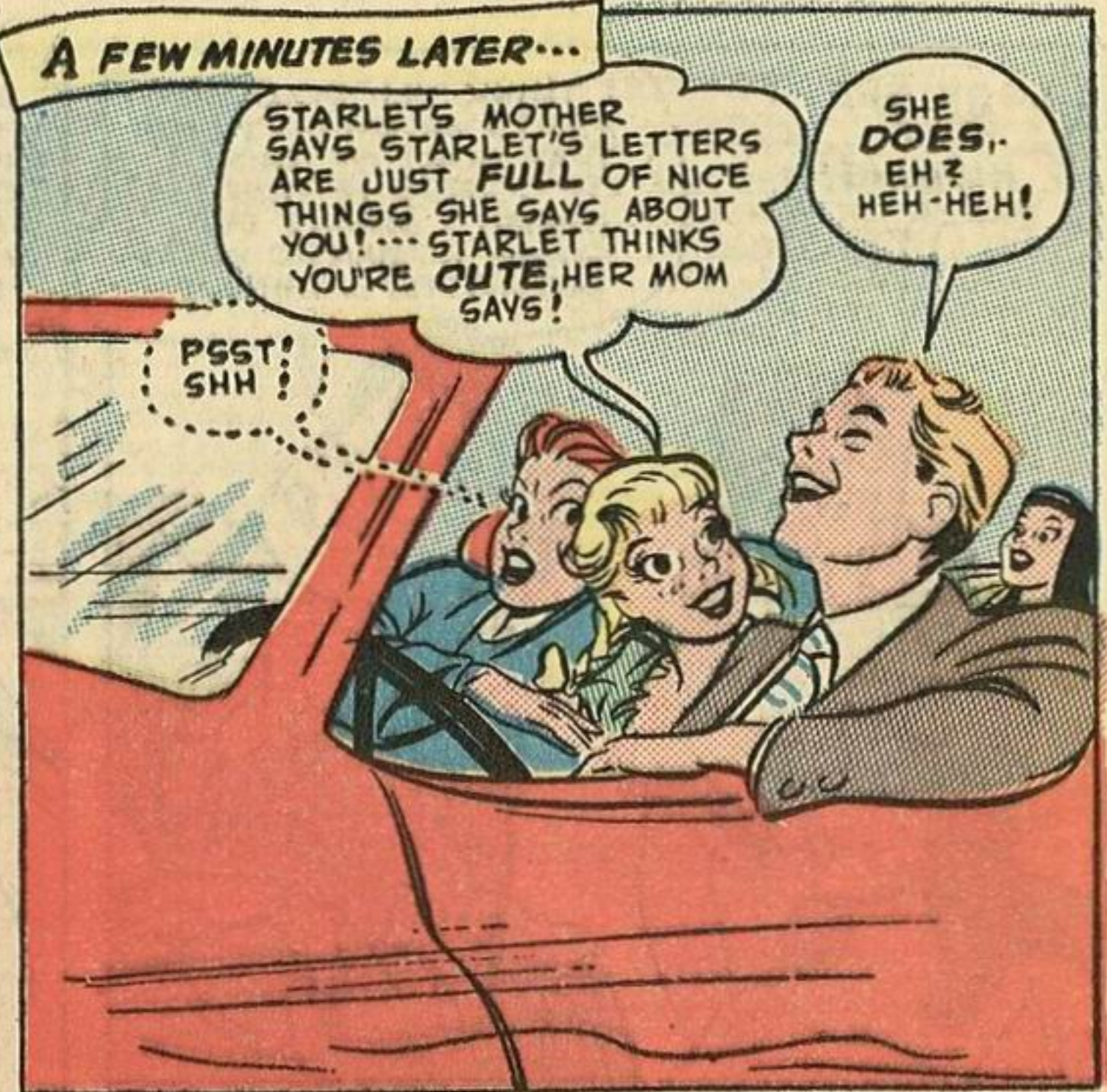


WELL, IF YOU BOYS WOULDN'T MIND, I'M SURE SHE'D REALLY APPRECIATE IT! SHE'S NEVER BEEN OUT OF CREIGHTON FALLS BEFORE, AND SHE'LL GET PRETTY LONESOME, UP THERE ALL ALONE!

SURE! GO GET HER!

WHATA CUTE TIE DON!

AW!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

STARLET'S MOTHER SAYS STARLET'S LETTERS ARE JUST FULL OF NICE THINGS SHE SAYS ABOUT YOU!... STARLET THINKS YOU'RE CUTE, HER MOM SAYS!

SHE DOES, EH? HEH-HEH!

PSST! SHH!



AND STILL LATER...

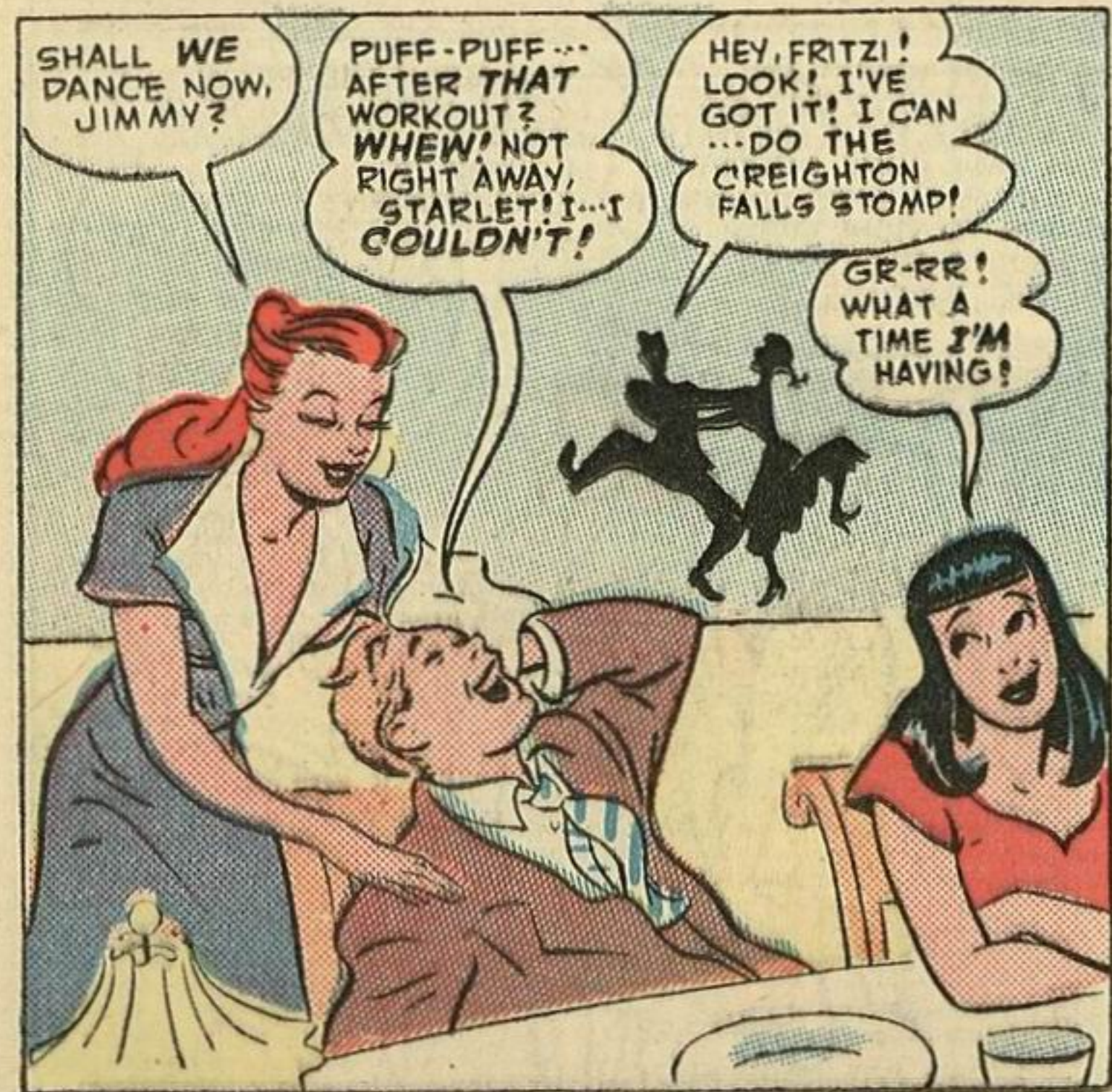
PHOO! WHAT A SIMPLY PUTRID TUNA SALAD SANDWICH! I MADE 'EM TWICE THIS GOOD BACK IN POP JONES' DRUG-STORE!

HA! DID YOU HEAR THAT, FRITZI? THAT'S ONE OF ANTOINE'S 2 DOLLAR SPECIALS, AND SHE SAYS SHE MAKES BETTER ONES!... HONEST, SHE'S AS FRESH AS A MOUNTAIN BREEZE!... REALLY FUNNY, HUH?

YEAH! I'M DYIN' LAUGHIN'!



WOULD YOU LIKE TO LEARN THE CREIGHTON FALLS STOMP? SURE YOU WOULD! COME ON, I'LL TEACH YOU!



SHALL WE DANCE NOW, JIMMY?

PUFF-PUFF... AFTER THAT WORKOUT? WHEN! NOT RIGHT AWAY, STARLET! I... I COULDN'T!

HEY, FRITZI! LOOK! I'VE GOT IT! I CAN... DO THE CREIGHTON FALLS STOMP!

GR-RR! WHAT A TIME I'M HAVING!



AND LATER YET...

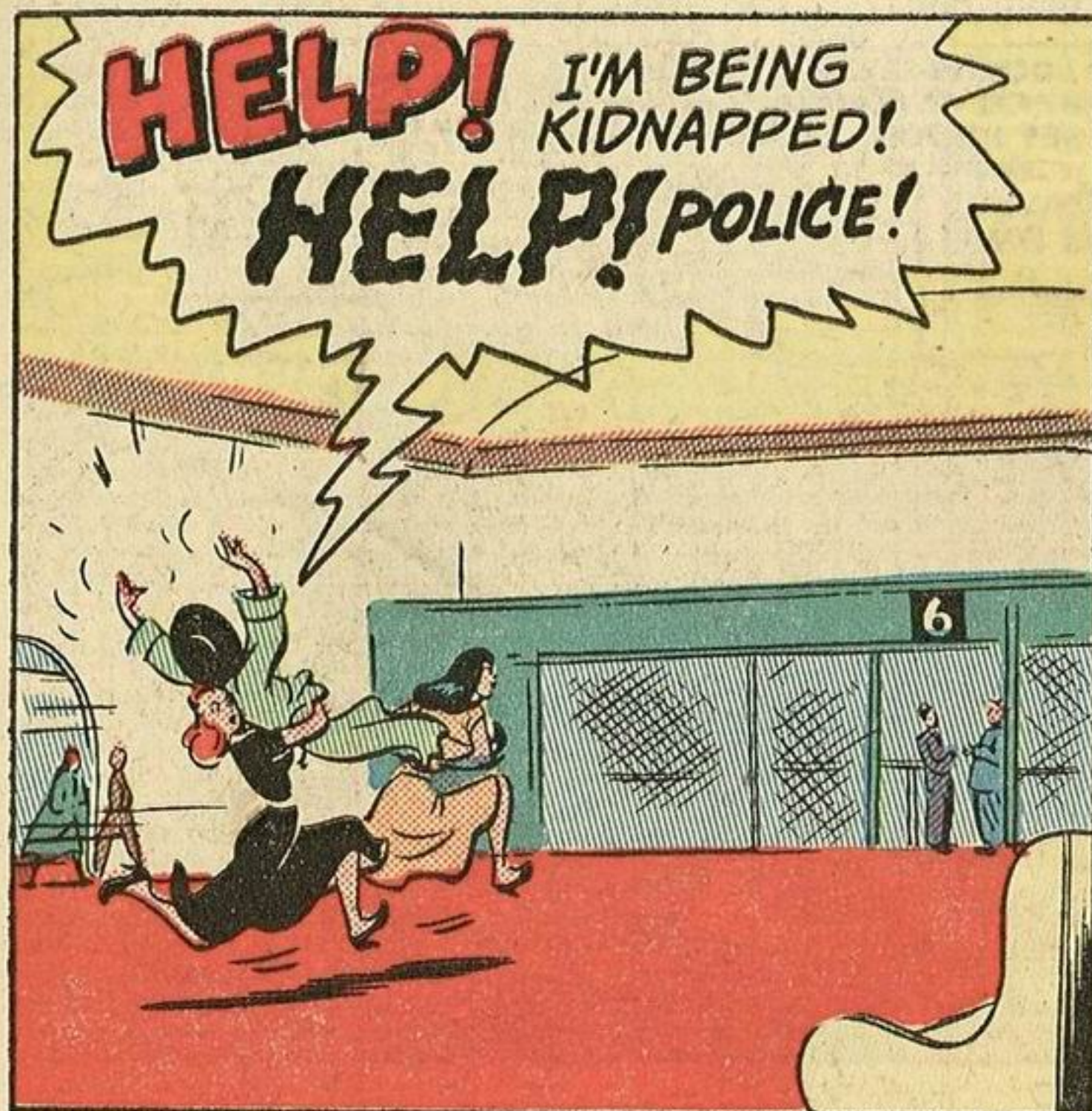
WHERE YOU GOING, FRITZI?

TO FIND OUT IF THERE'S A TRAIN LEAVING FOR CREIGHTON FALLS TONIGHT THAT WE CAN PUT HER ON!

WELL, THERE ISN'T... SO SIT DOWN!







HELP! I'M BEING
KIDNAPPED!
HELP! POLICE!



HEY, MAC!
WHO YELLED
FOR HELP?

THAT GIRL!
SHE'S BEING
KIDNAPPED!
COME ON!



ALL RIGHT! PUT HER
DOWN! YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!

UNDER...
ARREST?
F-FOR WHAT?

KIDNAPPING,
SILLY... PLEASE
PUT ME DOWN!

LISTEN, OFFICER,
THIS IS 'RIDICULOUS!
WE CAN EXPLAIN THE
WHOLE THING!



SO, AFTER MINUTES
OF EXPLANATION...

...AND THAT'S THE
STORY, OFFICER!

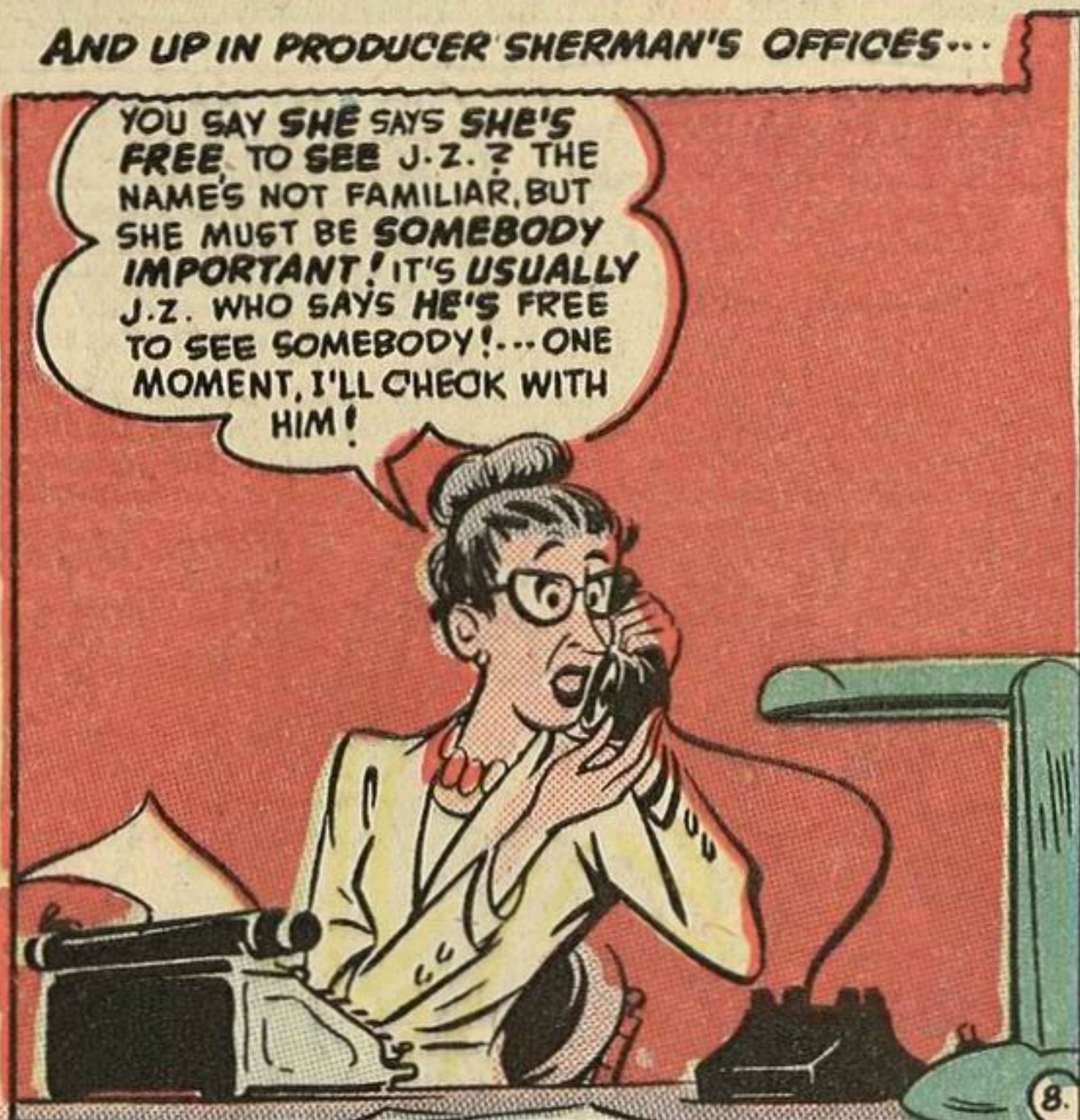
WELL, I'LL BE! THE LITTLE
DAME ACTUALLY THOUGHT
SHE COULD WALK RIGHT
INTO PICTURES, EH?...
WELL, YOU'RE DOIN' THE
RIGHT THING, GIRLS, SO
GO AHEAD! SORRY WE
STOPPED YOU!

YOU HEARD WHAT
THE MAN SAID, PHYLLIS
... YIPE! SHE'S
GONE!



QUICK! THERE
SHE GOES OUT
THE FRONT
ENTRANCE!

MAYBE I'M A HEEL,
BUT I'M STARTING
TO LOSE MY PATIENCE!
FIRST SHE WRECKS
MY DATE, AND NOW I'M
OUT A HALF-DAY'S PAY
AND A LOT OF ENERGY
...AND THE DAY ISN'T
OVER YET!





ER-MISS PHYLLIS COLE IS FREE TO SEE YOU NOW, MR. SHERMAN!

SHE IS?...SO WHO'S COLE? I DON'T RECALL MAKING AN APPOINTMENT WITH...HM! IF SHE'S FREE TO SEE ME...HM! MUST BE ONE OF THOSE NEW YORK ACTRESSES THAT DORMEYER SAID HE'S BEEN TRYING TO SIGN! ...SEND HER IN!



NOW BACK TO THE GATE...

GO RIGHT ON UP, MISS COLE!

THANK YOU! --STARLET, WILL YOU COME WITH ME? I'M GOING UP TO ASK FOR MY JOB NOW!

S-SURE...THERE MUST BE A MISTAKE SOME PLACE!



GO RIGHT IN, MISS COLE!

HELLO, MR. SHERMAN! I'M PHYLLIS COLE, AND I WANT A JOB IN YOUR PICTURES! I'D PREFER COMEDY PARTS...AND NATURALLY, I WANT TO BE A STAR! NOW ABOUT SALARY, I'VE BEEN GETTING \$15 A WEEK BACK HOME, SO I FEEL THAT...

WHAT?



WHY, OF ALL THE @?!!@: UNDER-HANDED TRICKS TO GET INTO MY OFFICE! GET OUT! GET OUT!

WELL, FOR GOSH SAKES! WHAT'RE YOU GETTING SO MAD ABOUT? I DIDN'T EVEN SAY HOW MUCH I WANTED!...OKAY, MAKE ME AN OFFER IF THAT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BET...

PHYLLIS! FOR GOSH SAKES, COME ON!



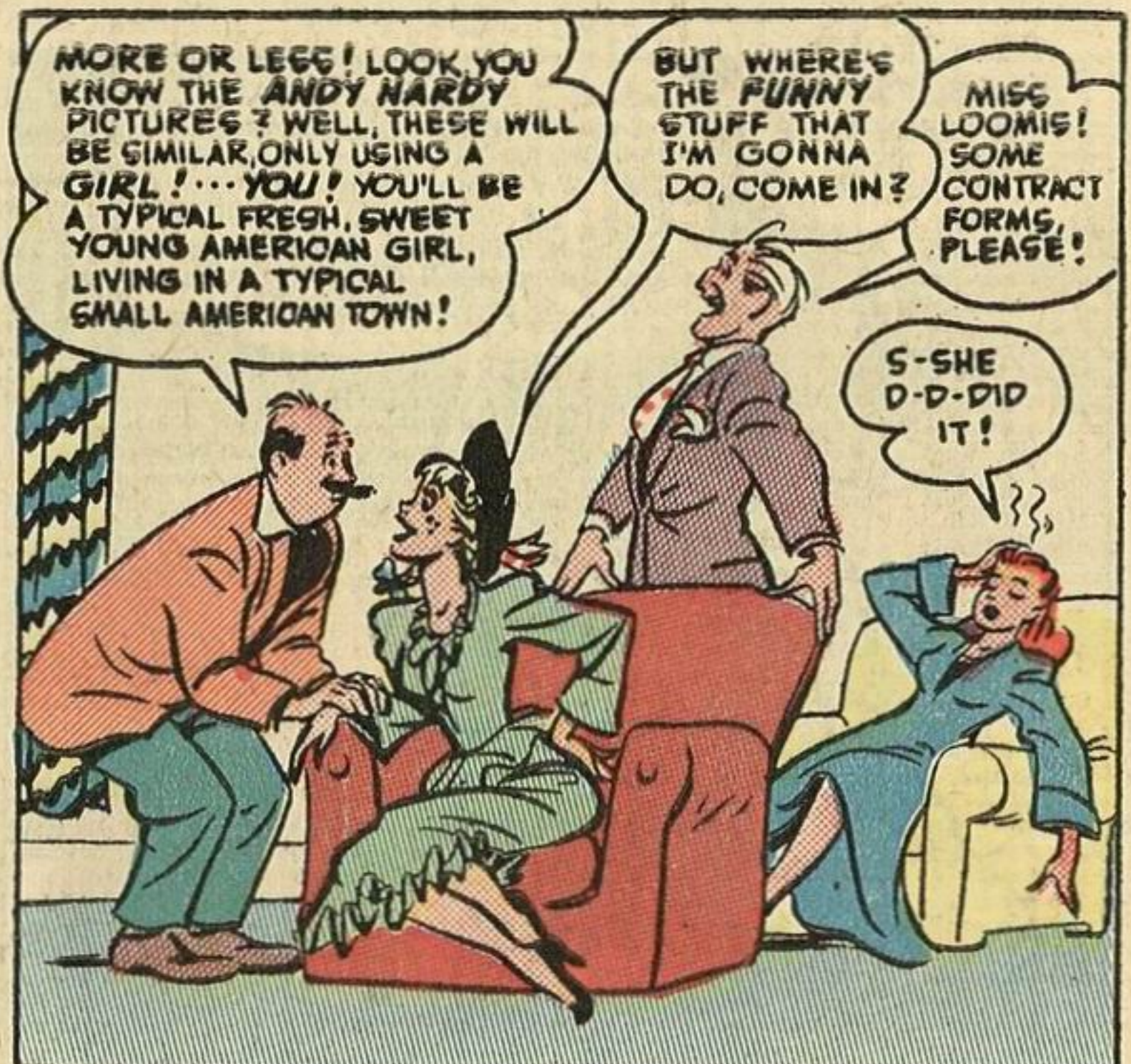
I SAID, GET... NO! NO, WAIT! THAT TURNED-UP NOSE! THOSE FRECKLES! THAT FRESH, CLEAN, SMALL-TOWN-GIRL LOOK! HELLO! HELLO! THIS IS SHERMAN! TELL DIRECTOR LANCET TO COME UP HERE!... I'VE A SURPRISE FOR HIM!... WAIT! DON'T GO!

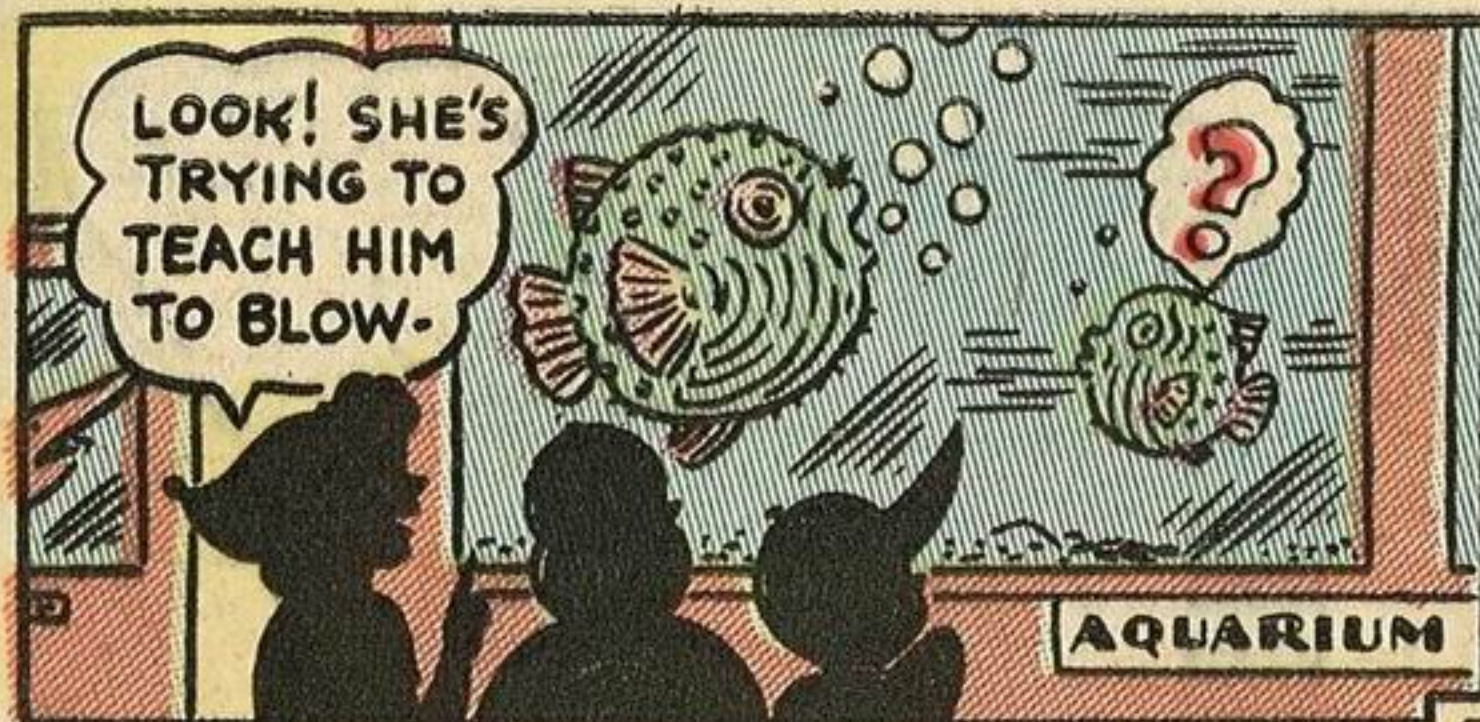


SECONDS LATER...

SO LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND, LANCET! NOTICE THAT NOSE! THE EYES! EVERYTHING! SO WHAT SIX SCRIPTS THAT HAVE BEEN SHELVED FOR 2 YEARS ARE COMING DOWN NOW, EH?

THE BETSY NASH STORIES! J.Z., YOU'VE FOUND THE PERFECT GIRL FOR THE LEAD!





For recommended reading...



AMERICAN COMICS GROUP!



ALL BIG
52
PAGES

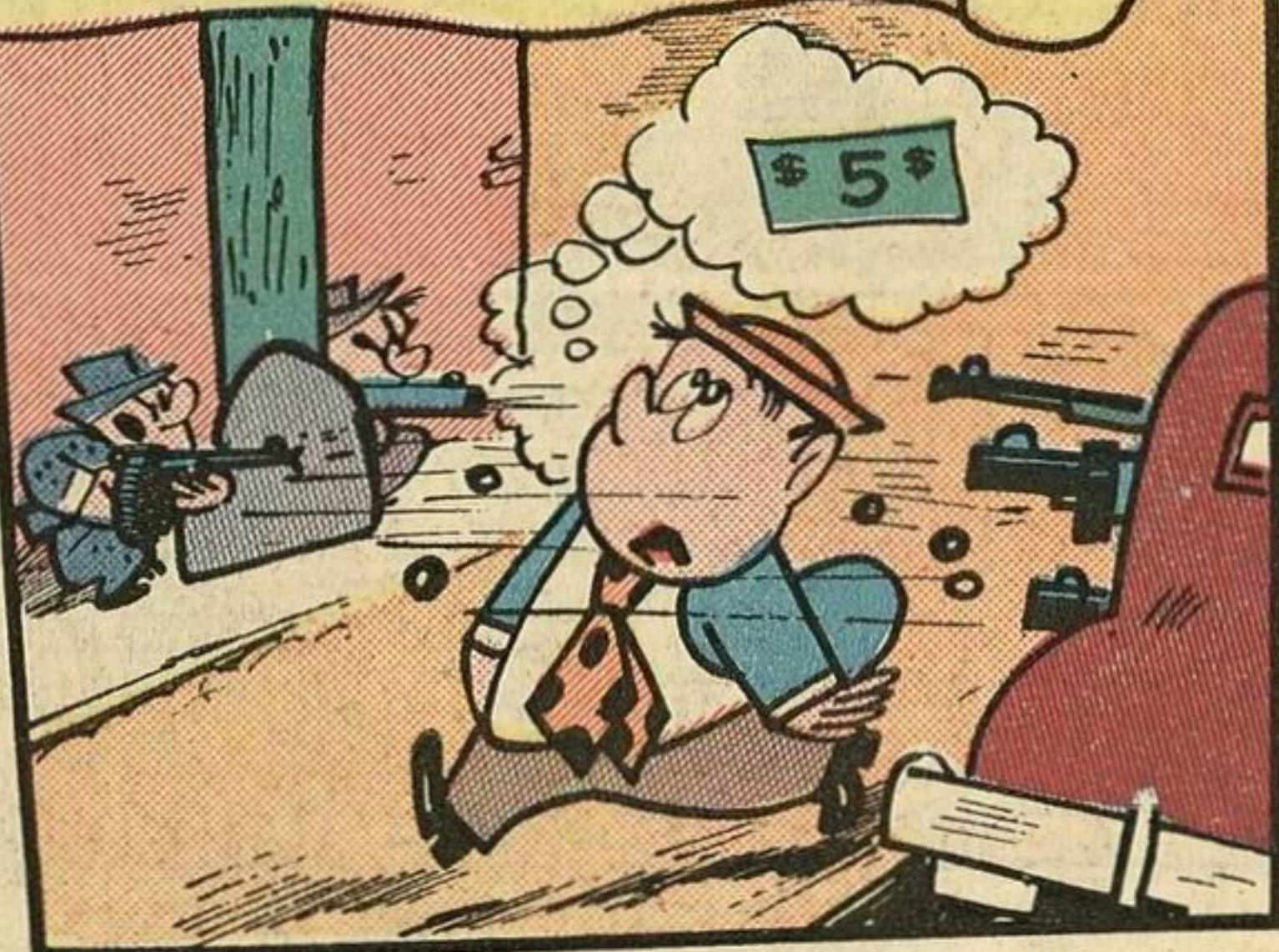


They're the terrific titans...
THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!

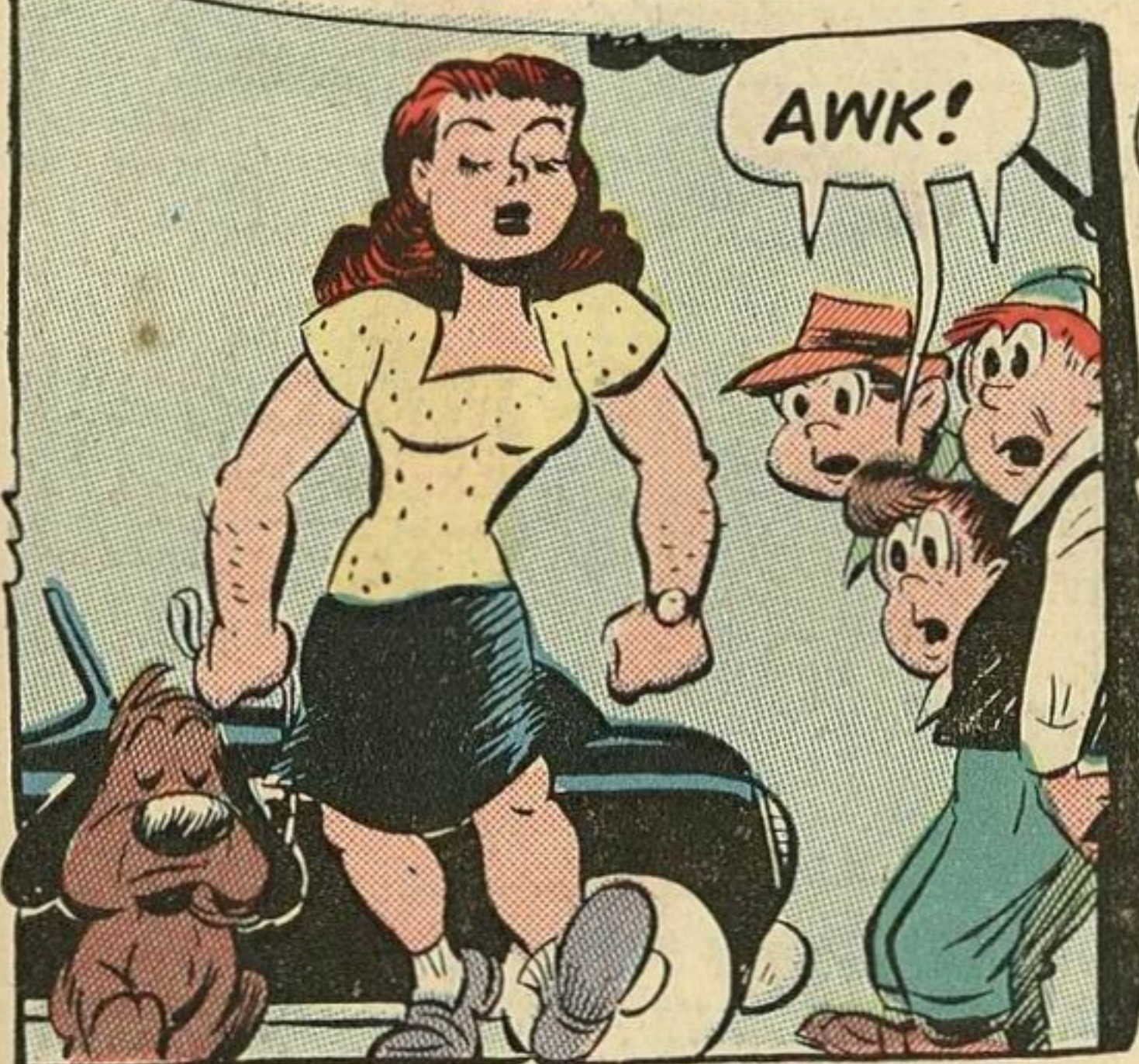
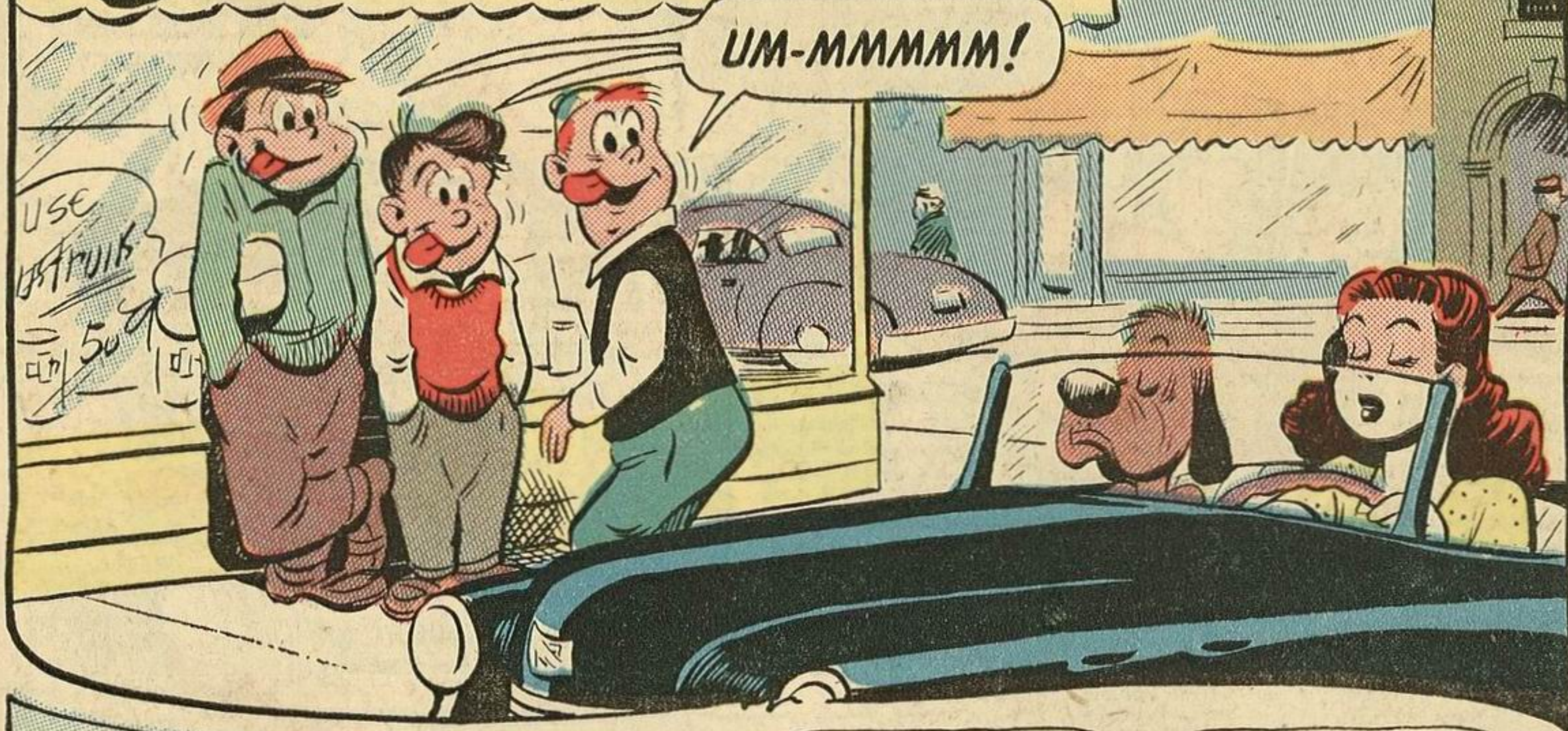


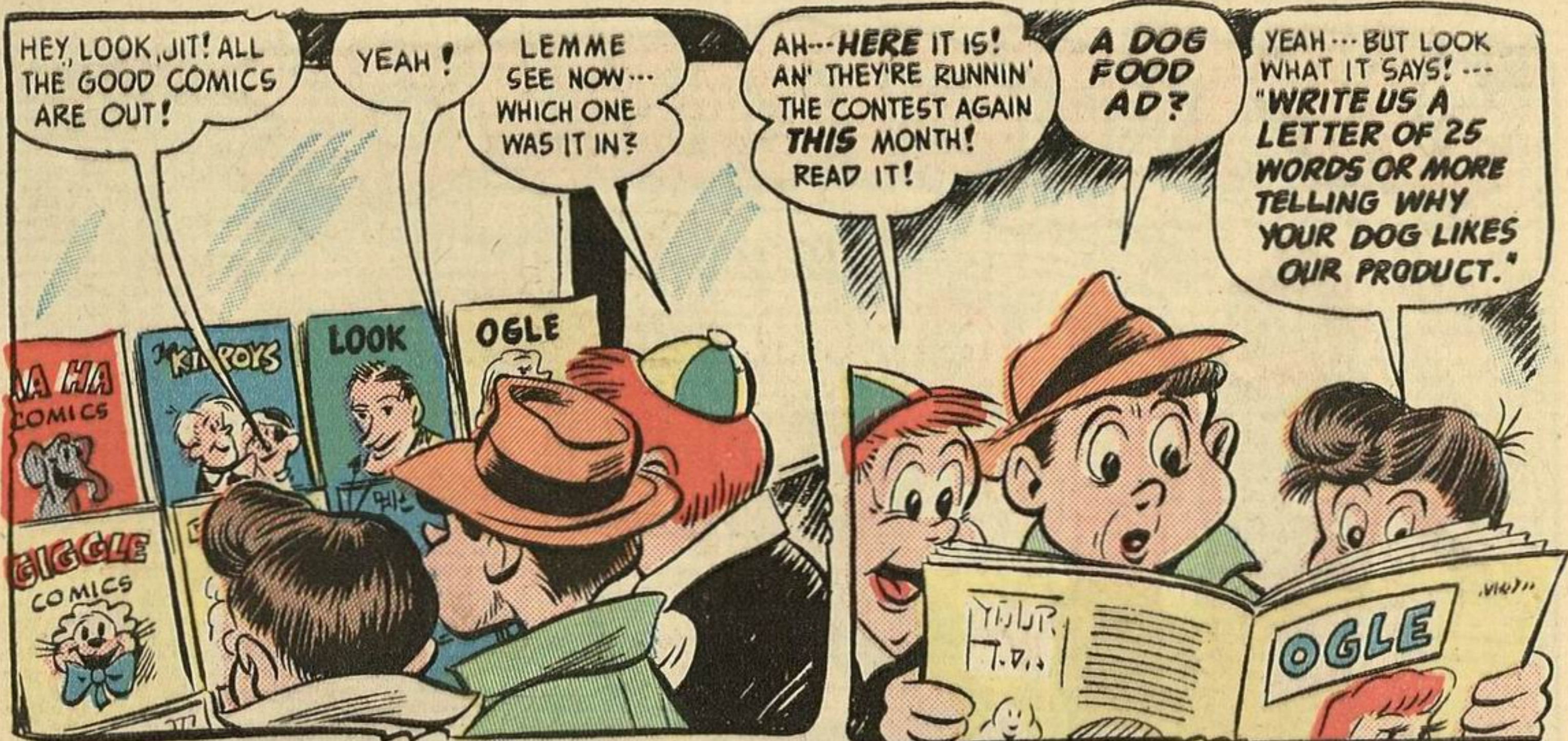
READ THEM ALL
...REGULARLY...
Read **AMERICAN!**

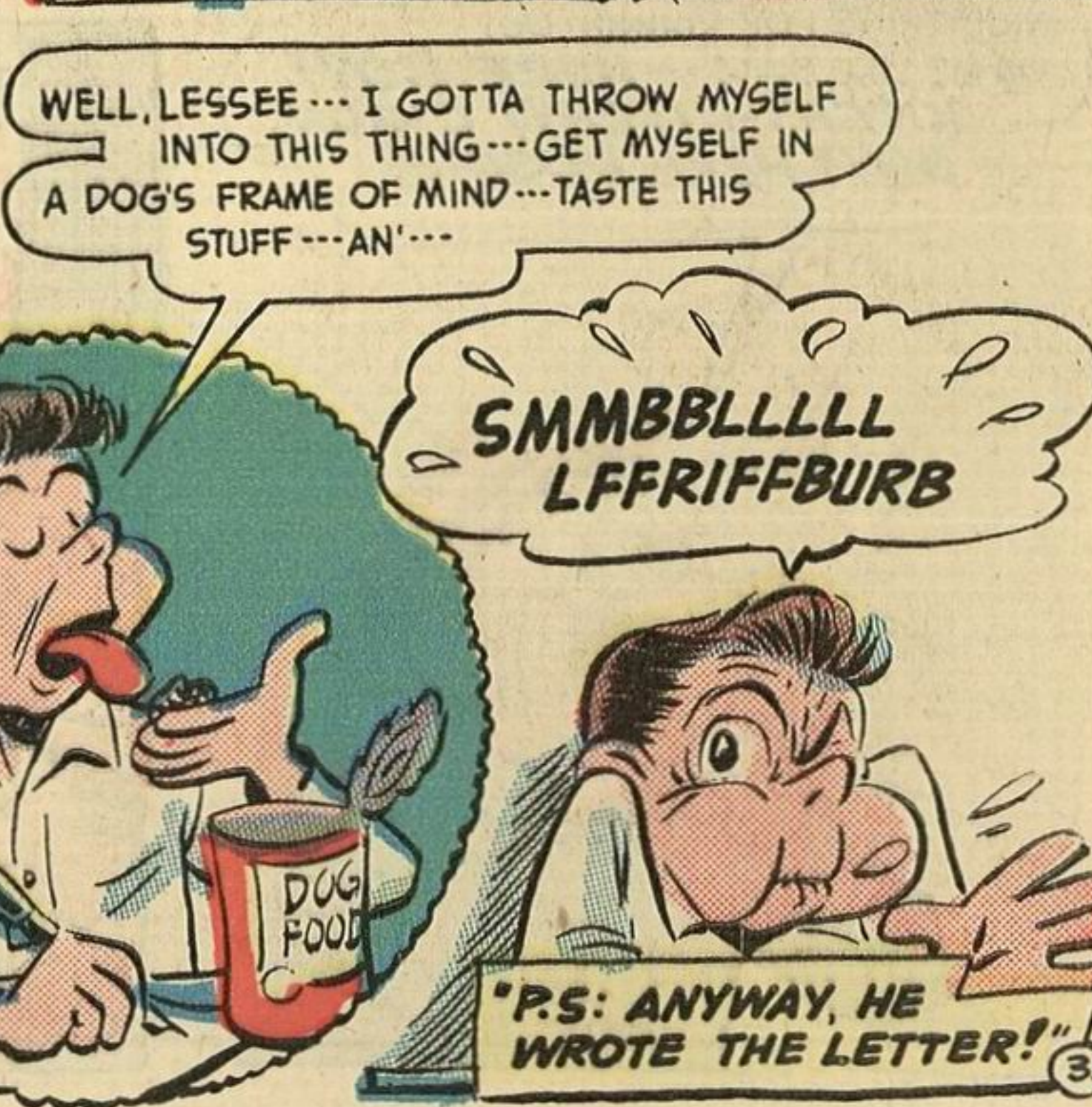
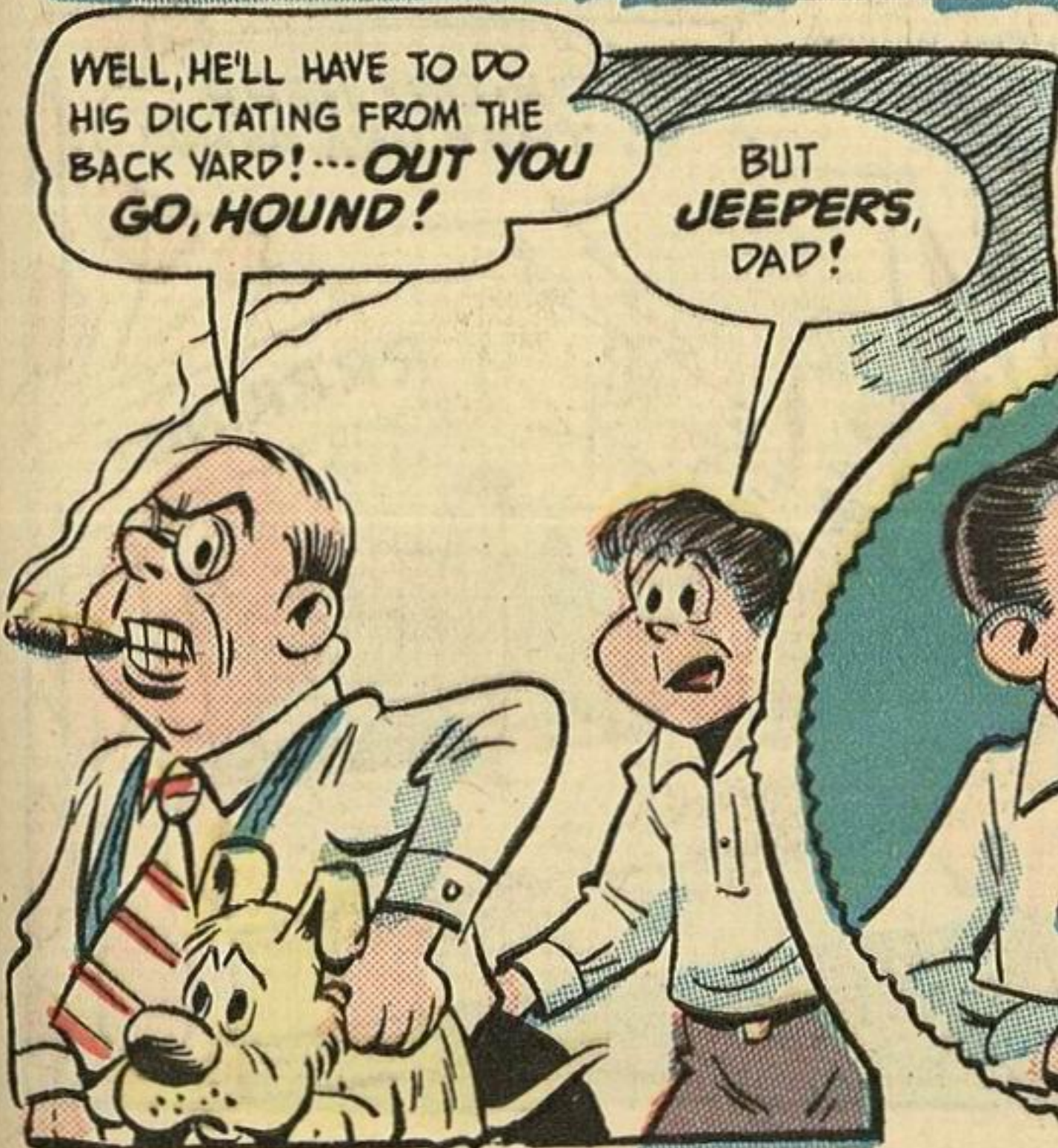
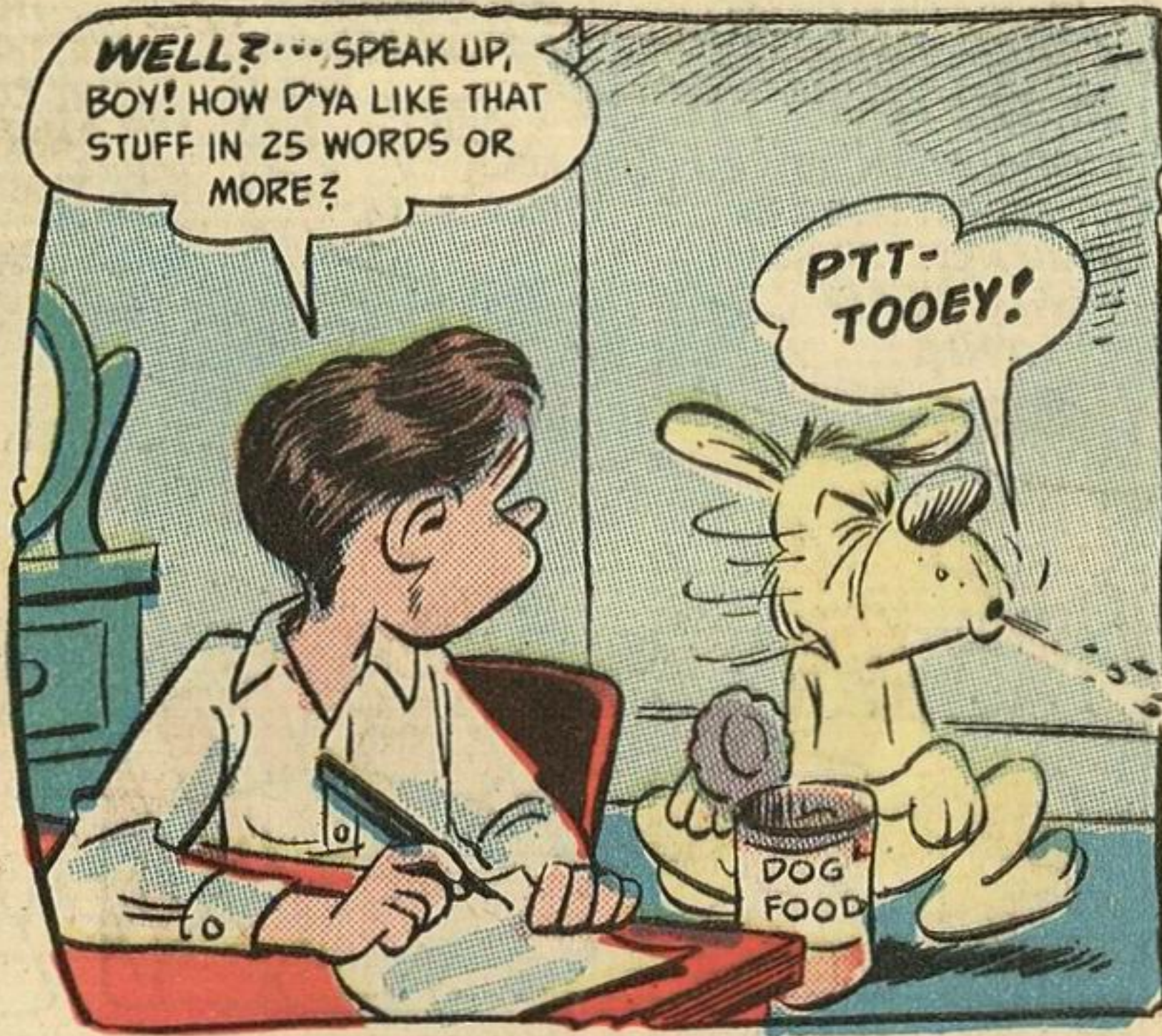
BANANA OIL!



"JITTERBUCK"







"P.S: ANYWAY, HE WROTE THE LETTER!"

AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

HI, DAD! SO YOU
LAFFED WHEN MY DOG
AN' ME SAT DOWN TO
WRITE A LETTER, HUH?
---WELL, **READ
THIS!**

I DIDN'T
LAUGH...I...
WHAT IS IT?

...and as your letter
was judged to be the best,
you are entitled to all the
prizes! Our only request is
that your dog be present
when they are delivered
tomorrow!

THAT'S **TODAY!** NOW ALL
I HAFTA DO TO GET THE
CADILLAC IS PRODUCE
THE HOUND!...BY THE
WAY, WHAT DID YOU DO
WITH HIM, DAD?

ER... THE HOUND...
WELL, I... ER...

PET SHOPPE

DOGS

I HAVE TO GO OUT
FOR A MINUTE...
ER...

MY
WORD! A
CADILLAC,
NO LESS!

BUT DAD... THE
DOG... WHERE **IS**
HE? THEY'LL BE HERE
ANY MINUTE!

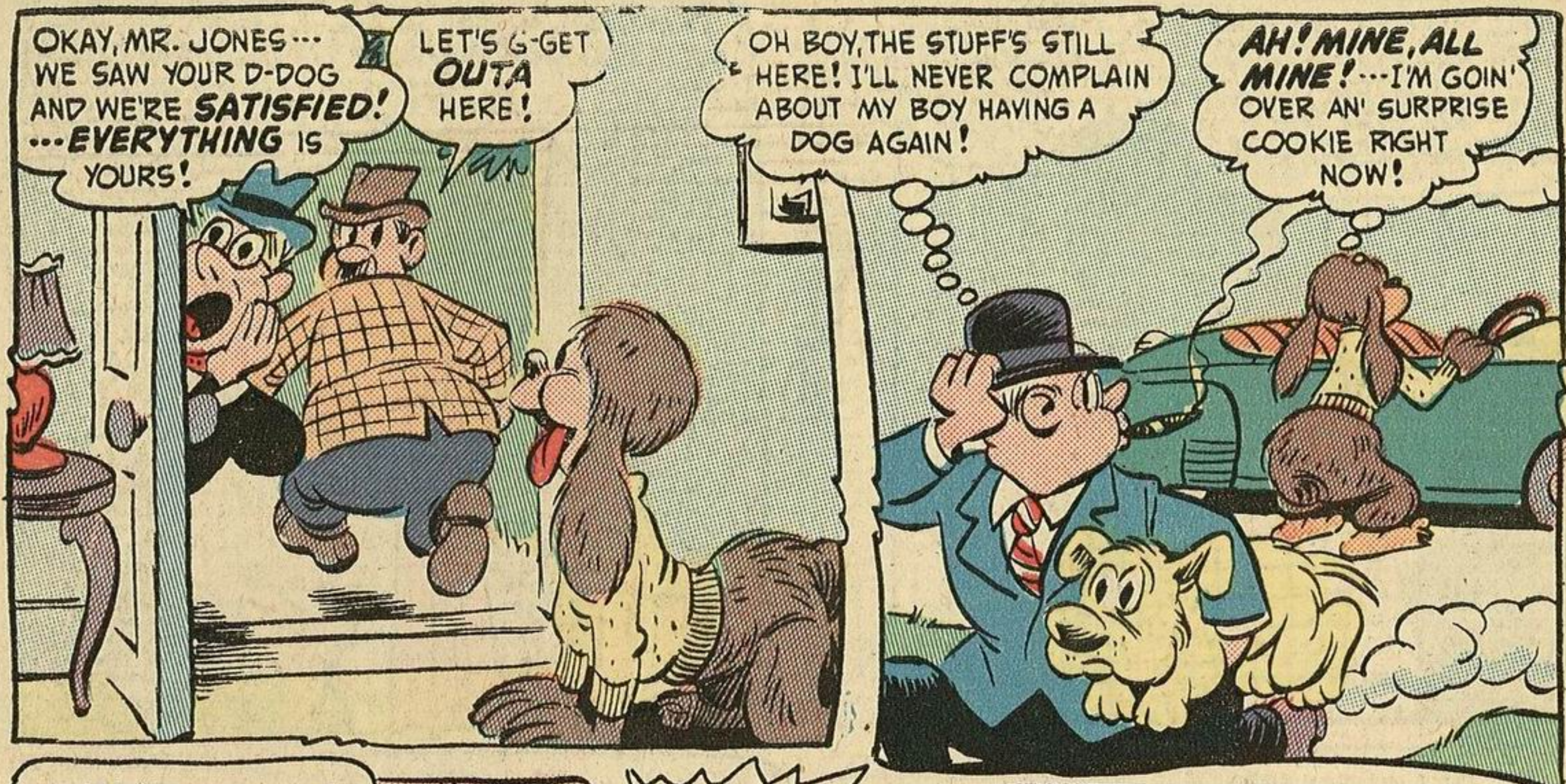
NICE THING, POP RUNNIN' OUT
ON ME LIKE THAT!... **HERE, BOY!**
KITCHY-KITCHY! C'MON,
BOY! HERE, DOGGIE!

NOW WHERE
IS THAT...

**OH-OH! HERE
THEY ARE NOW!**

RRRRING!





OKAY, MR. JONES...
WE SAW YOUR D-DOG
AND WE'RE **SATISFIED!**
...**EVERYTHING** IS
YOURS!

LET'S G-GET
OUTA
HERE!

OH BOY, THE STUFF'S STILL
HERE! I'LL NEVER COMPLAIN
ABOUT MY BOY HAVING A
DOG AGAIN!

**AH! MINE, ALL
MINE!**...I'M GOIN'
OVER AN' SURPRISE
COOKIE RIGHT
NOW!



WHAT THE...!
THAT **DOG** GOT
INTO **OUR** CADILLAC,
AND...!

**HALP!
POLICE!**

YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID--
**DO SOMETHING,
QUICK!**

ER...YEGGIR...
I WILL! LET'S
YOU AN' ME GO
DOWN TO THE
STATION!

WHOOSH!



THAT GUY MUST
BE **LOONEY!** HE
SAYS A **DOG** STOLE
HIS **CAR!**
...**HA-HA!**

HAW-HAW-HAW!
...**CRAZY AS A
LOON!**

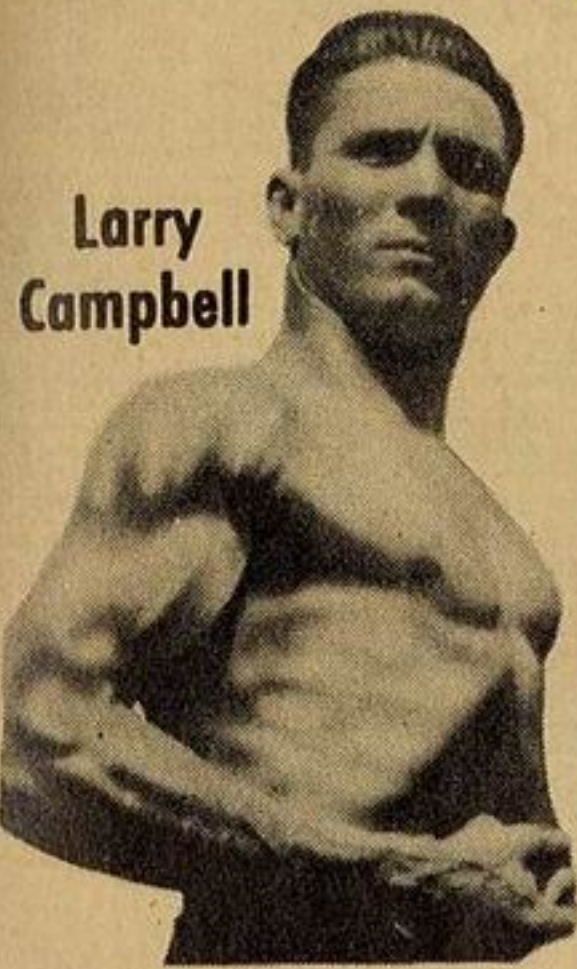
BALMY CREST

BUT I TELL YOU
IT'S THE **TRUTH!**
I SAW IT WITH
MY OWN
EYES!

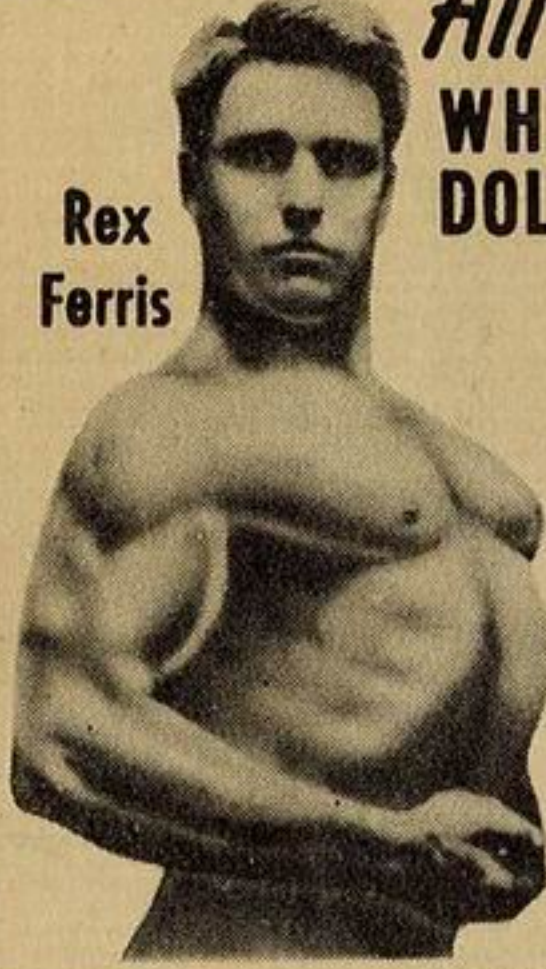
THE END!
6

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents?

to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home



Larry Campbell



Rex Ferris

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

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AMAZING

get acquainted offer!

Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE

only 10c

Instead of \$1.00

plus FREE MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

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An "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

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HOW YOU CAN BE A WINNER AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH PROGRESSIVE POWER



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

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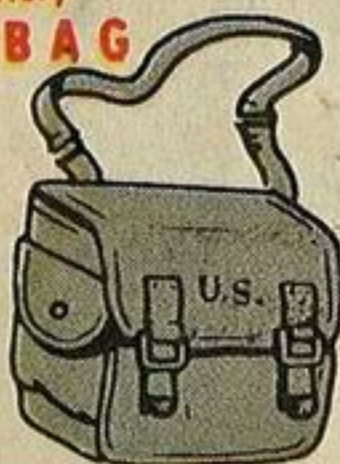
S. Unbreakable. For fun outdoors. Flashes visible for 10 miles. Has cross hair sight and complete directions on one side. Reverse side is regular camp mirror. Comes with wrist cord. New.

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M. with shoulder strap. Double duty. May be worn as pack sack or slung from shoulder.

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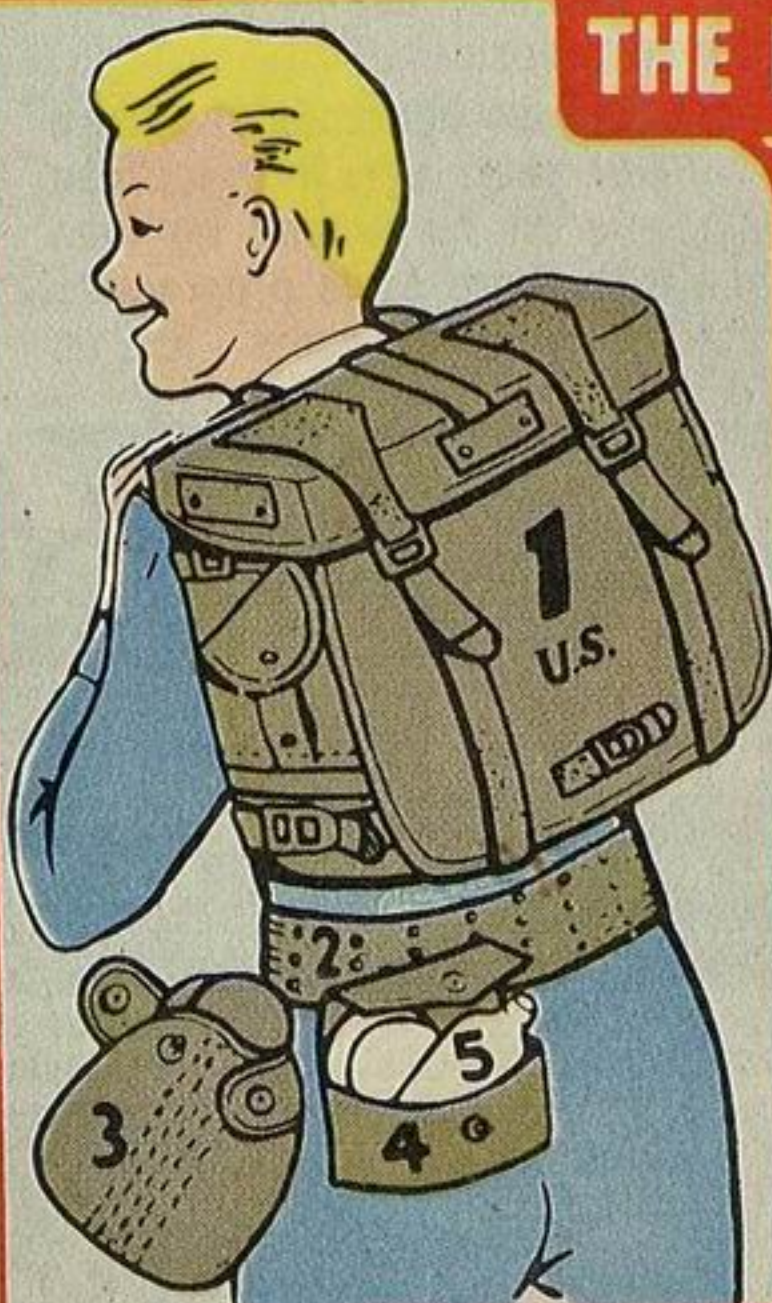
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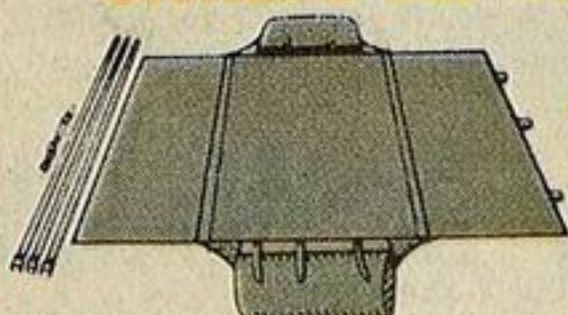
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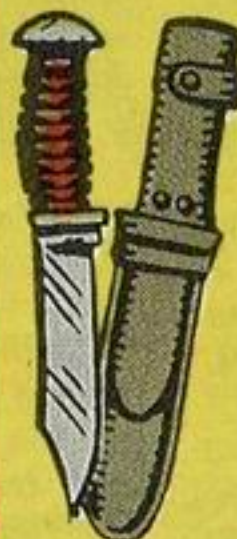


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| <input type="checkbox"/> F.O.B. Railway Express | <input type="checkbox"/> L. 6" Pal Knife | \$1.45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt | <input type="checkbox"/> T. 18" Machette | \$1.75 |
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